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THE MORAL OF THE REVOLUTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

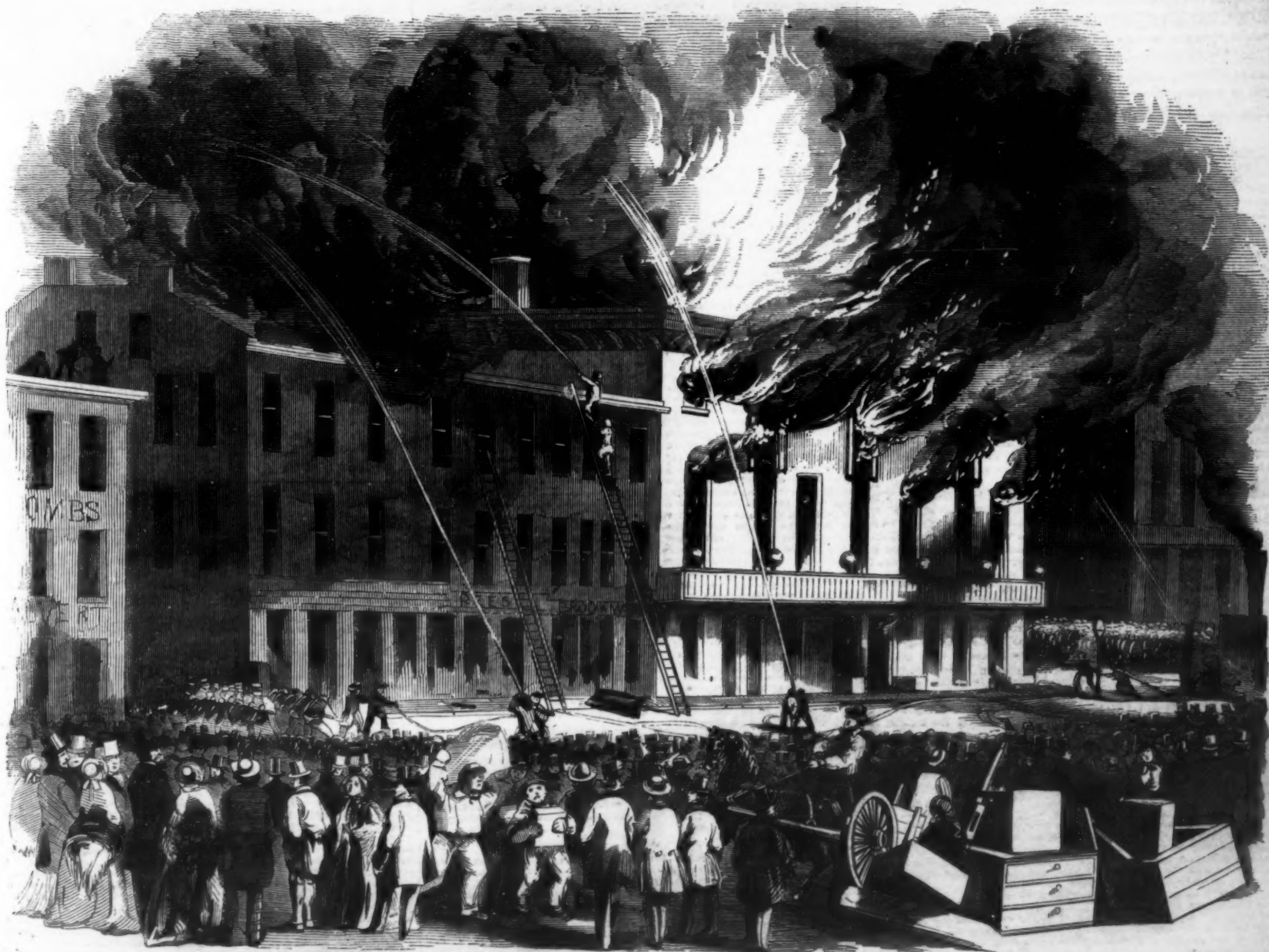
THE news from San Francisco, giving the details of the assassination of Mr. King, editor of the *Republican*, and the consequent rising of the citizens for the punishment of the murderer, has created a profound sensation throughout the Atlantic seaboard. Many condemn, more applaud the action of the "vigilance committee." Under all circumstances we consider Lynch law, as a remedy to redress civil wrongs, an evil; its administration leaves a scar upon the moral sense of the body politic that always disfigures—a wound which is difficult to heal. It is very evident that San Francisco, in the administration of its municipal affairs, was in possession of a band of lawless and unprincipled men. Shoulder hitters, black legs, and escaped convicts—the slough of the festering corruption of our own city—controlled affairs, and the working, respectable community lived by sufferance, or were left unmolested, that the fruits of their industry might go to swell the gloated coffers of these renegades. The people living under popular governments will suffer more from their rulers than will the subjects of a despotism. The order loving citizens of San Francisco have borne meekly, patiently, wrongs which would have set Petersburg and Vienna in a blaze. The ballot-box had been openly made an instrument of oppression. The assassins

who struck down Richardson and King were the chosen spirits who had the official authority to make election returns, and after the people had expressed their preferences, their ballots were used as segar lighters, the names of the favorites of the organized ruffians were substituted, and the people, though they witnessed this wrong, had no redress. At last the conviction seized upon the citizens that they were on the brink of a terrible precipice—a reign of terror was about to commence, where character for honesty only invited assault—integrity as a citizen challenged the assassin's knife. The result was a vast upheaving of the body politic—the determination for reform flashed through men's minds with the rapidity of lightning, a stern resolve seized upon the heretofore indifferent and supine, and in one hour the gamblers, the rowdies, and the convicts, who had so long insulted, and, when it pleased them, murdered the citizens of San Francisco with impunity, were crushed; the cravens fled with terror on their faces, with coward fear in their hearts. No spectacle of moral power was ever more sublimely illustrated than was that, which in an instant, as it were, swept away the social evils that had so long preyed upon the vitals of a devoted city—probably ere this vengeance has been executed, and the law without legal expression, has shed blood! It is for good citizens to ask themselves, are these revolutions necessary? Is our system of govern-

ment a failure? Must the people, from the necessity of things, occasionally take justice in their own hands, and in defiance of the statutes, and the constitution, become hangmen and executioners?

Suppose the voters of the city of San Francisco had a few months previous, on election day, assembled with the determination that the purity of the ballot box should be respected—suppose they had at the same time selected from among their own numbers men of integrity and virtue to administer the laws, and suppose these very men, who with flashing eye and martial array seized Cora and Casey, had elected proper officers of justice—would the sad scenes which have thrown a pall over San Francisco ever have been enacted? Would not the city on the contrary have been peaceful, prosperous, and happy? The fact that it was so easy to crush the ruffians in San Francisco, that it was so easy to make them flee before the eye of retribution, makes the fact, that they have so long ruled in high places a greater shame, because it shows that the people, while they have the power are too indifferent to their dearest rights to defend and preserve them.

While we sit by our own firesides in this great metropolis and lament over the disorganization of a community suffering necessarily from the deranged elements of its component parts, we forget that our own city government is drifting in the same direc-



BURNING OF THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, CINCINNATI, OHIO—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

tion as that of San Francisco. Who are our municipal officers? Who control the returns of the elections? Have the people of New York been indignant that election returns are notoriously kept back for corrupting purposes? Have they arrayed themselves in opposition to the practice of making men guardians of their ballots, who are alike ignorant of our language, the laws, and sometimes not even possessing the qualification of citizens? Is there an honest tax-payer in our city who believes our election returns are not trifled with and made to subserve the purposes of those who use our city treasury to support debauchery and vice. In what, would we ask, are we superior to San Francisco, except that we have a larger population, and are consequently less quickly moved to revolution?

In our city, trial by jury has become a farce. Thousands of men are empanelled, yet the judge cannot find twelve disinterested men among them all to try a professed rowdy for the crime of murder; and yet when a poor, friendless creature, that has no grog-shop influence, no gambler's support, is arrested, he can be tried in an afternoon and sent to prison with as little ceremony as if he were a dog. There are judges, and prosecuting attorneys and juries for poor and friendless criminals, but the giants in crime, who stalk abroad in daylight and proclaim wickedness before the world—to such men there is no law, its very provisions are made things of pecuniary advantage to those who defy them, and the money appropriated by the treasury to punish crime, is scattered over faro-tables, or spent in bacchanalian orgies.

The press of this city has raised its warning voice in vain. No bolder or more self-sacrificing men ever lived than a majority of those attached to the editorial corps. Week after week, month after month, they expose the wickedness of the management of our city government, point out individual and general cases of abuse—show how taxes are levied to be squandered—how contracts are given out for corruption—how notoriously bad men are everywhere using and abusing our city, degrading its morals, impoverishing its treasury—yet, abuses go on—judges of ability are suborned, or are indifferent to their duties—judges of no ability are unconsciously used as tools and as cat-paws, and are consequently greater evils than the judges of ability, who are wicked from design. Prosecuting officers become advocates for the criminals, and chuckle over a *nolle prosequi*, and lament over a recorded conviction. Travel down through every ramification of our civil authorities, and all is offensive with moral death—the whitening of the sepulchre is not attempted—the pit of decay shocks no one—its very horrors in the desperation of all relief serve rather to amuse or point a horrid jest.

It is for our citizens to ask themselves, how soon we are to come to the last resort of "vigilance committees." Are the evils under which our city labors, to be checked by legal or revolutionary means! Are we always to suffer for our negligence—and are law and order citizens ever to growl in their parlors, condemn in their counting-houses? Can they not be roused in mass, as were the people of San Francisco—not to arm themselves with muskets, not to play the executioner, but to take possession of the ballot-box, vote in good and responsible men, change the character of public opinion, so that the name of a city officer will not be mentioned with derision, and its incumbent looked upon with contempt? If our citizens do not this, then the more fearful choice of bloody revolution, or a total abrogation of their rights and liberties alone is left to them.

BURNING OF THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

IMMEDIATELY after rehearsal, on Saturday, June 14th, the stage carpenter discovered fire at the north-east corner of the stage, near the dressing room of Mr. Tilton, the manager. This was readily extinguished by a few buckets of water; but directly afterwards, flames burst forth from several parts of the building, simultaneously, and spread with such rapidity that all efforts to combat them proved futile, and in less than half an hour the building was destroyed, together with two three story buildings adjoining on Sixth street. A strong wind which was blowing at the time of the conflagration, contributed much towards impeding the progress of the firemen in their exertions to save the property from destruction. Only the exterior walls were of brick; all else was of light wood and other tinder-like material. A gentleman who heard the alarm saw rising from the roof about as much smoke as would be emitted by a small chimney. In less than two minutes the whole building seemed a mass of leaping flame. The adjoining buildings caught, before water could be got on. The heat became intense. Persons could hardly endure to pass along the opposite side of the street. Every pane of glass exposed in the second, third, and fourth stories of the Mechanics' Institute, was cracked by the heat, and the glass in houses on the north side of Sixth street was also broken. In less than half an hour the west wall fell into Vine street. At length, all the walls tumbled down to the first story. The west wall of Brockman's house was crushed in by the falling of the theatre. The firemen worked nobly, and performed feats of heroic daring. They fought the flames in a hand-to-hand encounter, carrying the hose into upper stories of the houses, where roofs were ablaze and rafters burning and burnt off. Towards night, thousands of people came to see the ruins. The work had been complete—houses had been destroyed, and the streets were strewn with the fragments.

Mr. George Wood, the lessee of the theatre, loses about \$6,000 by this disaster. The most of the valuable wardrobe of Mr. Jamieson, costumer to the theatre, was not in the building at the time. The portion that was there, amounting in value to about \$300, was destroyed. The loss on the building itself was from \$6,000 to \$8,000—and is not insured. It is impossible to arrive at a correct estimate, at present, of the loss on the adjoining buildings, but it will not fall short of \$30,000. The local journals of Cincinnati have no hesitation in stating that the conflagration was the work of an incendiary. We present our readers with an accurate engraving, drawn on the spot by our artist correspondent, during the height of the conflagration.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the arrival, June 13th, of the Collins steamer *Ericsson*, which left Liverpool May 28th, and of the Cunard steamer *Arabic*, which left on the 31st, we have a week's later intelligence from all parts of Europe. In the English House of Lords, on the 27th of May, the Earl of Elgin having questioned the Foreign Secretary regarding the Central American controversy and the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the Earl of Clarendon recapitulated the leading facts connected with the subject, and complained that the proposal to submit the question to arbitration had not been received in a corresponding spirit of justice and amity by the United States. The news of the reception of Padre Vilij, as Nicaraguan Minister, by the Cabinet at Washington, created a good deal of surprise. A popular idea was abroad to the effect that the difficulties existing between the United States and Great Britain could be amicably adjusted by the sending of a special Ambassador from the United States to London, or vice versa, from London to Washington. Lord Elgin and Sir H. L. Bulwer were mentioned in connection with such a mission on the part of England. The papers are filled with accounts of the peace celebration, which was

on a magnificent scale. The great "Derby" day at Epsom, was Wednesday, May 27th. A large concourse of persons were present, and the race was won by Admiral Harcourt's "Ellerton."

Mr. Layard is again spoken of as likely to join the Ministry; it is said Sir John Jervis, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, will be raised to the peerage for life, and be replaced by Sir Frederick Thesiger. The Earl of Granville is to represent the Queen at the coronation of the Czar. The Parliamentary Committee on public prosecutors have handed in their report. The Committee say, that the American practice has been fully and lucidly explained by H. E. Davies, Barrister, New York; and the Committee seem to regard the system as worthy of imitation in England. Mr. and Mrs. Dallas and Mr. Philip Dallas attended the Queen's drawing-room. Mrs. Howland Shaw, of Boston, was "presented" by Mrs. Dallas, and Messrs. Howland Shaw and Arthur Lyman, of Boston, by Mr. Dallas. Mr. Dallas was invited to dine with the Judges at the Lord Mayor's, but an interview with Lord Clarendon prevented his attendance. His family, however, were present, and his health was proposed.

A meeting of the Emperors of France and Austria is confidently spoken of, to take place this Summer at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

A commission, in accordance with the 22d article of the Treaty of Peace, is about to proceed to Bucharest, to arrange for the proper government of the Principality. Sir Henry Bulwer will be the English representative.

The trial of William Palmer, the notorious English poisoner, was concluded on the 27th of May, after lasting fourteen days, in a verdict of guilty. The indictment in this case was for the wilful murder by poison of John Parsons Cook. He was sentenced to be hanged in the county of Stafford, and his body buried within the precincts of the prison. He heard the sentence with the greatest composure.

The public, indignant at the prevention of the performance of music in the Park on Sundays, assembled in large numbers at Primrose Hill, on Sunday, May 24th. Notice had been given that at 5 o'clock precisely, a union jack would be hoisted on the top of the hill, when all persons favorable to the accompanying resolution would raise their hands—namely, "That the people now in public meeting assembled, considering the music in the Parks, established by Sir Benjamin Hall, to be an innocent and healthful recreation, regret its sudden discontinuance, and hope it may be speedily renewed." At the appointed hour the flag was raised, and the resolution adopted with one hearty and unanimous cheer.

The state of Italy was still threatening. An active intervention of the great Powers was loudly called for by some, but it was said that the Prussian government had formally notified the Sardinian executive that it has firmly resolved on not interfering in the question. In Vienna, nothing was talked of but a memorandum which the cabinets of Vienna and the Tuilleries had, it was said, addressed to the Holy Father on the subject of reform. The report that the Grand Duke of Tuscany had rejected the proposed concordat with the Holy See appears to be untrue. It was settled that the Prince of Prussia would be married to the Princess Royal of England. The regent of Baden was in London, and it was said that an alliance by marriage is arranged to take place between his royal highness and the Princess Royal of Prussia.

Some of the European powers were disposed to wait in order to see how our government would act with respect to the Sound dues payment before they agree to any definite measures.

The official Gazette of Posen contains an important telegraphic dispatch received from Warsaw. The despatch says that, at a ball held in Warsaw, at which the Polish nobility were present, the Emperor of Russia announced that he had signed a general amnesty, which was to extend to all the Polish refugees and emigrants.

The advices from France by the propeller *Emeu*, are one day later than *via* England. The recognition of the Walker government at Washington, the first accounts of which, without the President's Message on the subject, had been received, was exciting the attention of the Paris press. At Havre the cotton market was dull. The Paris papers think that Spain will declare war on Mexico.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, May 31st.—Cotton was in better demand to-day, and the day's business would reach 8,000 to 10,000 bales, at full prices. No change in the grain or provision markets. Lard firm and dearer, 55s. Closing prices of consols, Saturday, May 31st:—For money, 94½ @ 94½; for July account, 96 @ 96½.

The English funds had experienced a slight further decline, the aspect of the American question preventing the continued buoyancy which, it is believed, would, under other circumstances, have been manifested. Consols for money opened at the closing price of last evening, namely, 94½ to 94½, whence they receded to 94½. There was then a slight recovery, and the final transactions were at 94½ to 94½.

The discount houses have given notice that their rate for money at call will be 4½ per cent, being a reduction of ½ per cent. Breadstuffs are dull and lower. Wheat (except choice quality) is neglected. Flour is in small compass, but quite equal to the demand. The large consumption of Indian corn usual at this season continues to be met by overwhelming supplies. Wheat—white, 10s. to 11s. 70 lbs.; red, 9s. to 10s. Flour—Western Canal, 28s. to 32s. per 196 lbs.; Philadelphia, &c., 35s. to 36s.; Ohio, 35s. to 38. Corn—Yellow, 28s. 5d. to 29s. 480 lbs.; mixed, 28s. 6d. to 29s.; white, 28s. 6d. to 30s. 6d.

The steamship *Arago*, arrived June 17, brings us four days later news from Europe. Great excitement continued to prevail in England on the subject of the pending differences with this country. All the English journals deprecate a conflict between the two nations as one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall humanity; and the *London News* says that such a contest could only be regarded in the light of a civil war. The London and Paris money markets of course re-echo sensitively the doubts and hopes expressed by the newspapers, and exhibit a constant tendency to fluctuation. The failure of M. Henri Place, formerly a member of the well-known banking house of Noel & Place, and one of the administrators of the Credit Mobilier, has had a very depressing influence on the French funds. His liabilities are about three-quarters of a million sterling, and his available assets are exceedingly small. The administration of the Credit Mobilier will, however, suffer but slightly from M. Place's failure. Austria and Sardinia are firing paper broadsides at each other, preliminary to a more serious contest. Count Buol has issued a counter circular to that of Count Cavour on the Italian question, in which he declares that all the disorders that prevail in Italy are to be attributed to the influence of Piedmont. The feeling between the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg does not seem to be of a more friendly character; the visit of the Czar to Berlin being regarded as a demonstration against Austria. Louis Napoleon is now presiding over a congress of foreign and domestic bulls at the great international cattle show in the Camps Elisees.

Ex-President Fillmore was passenger on board the *Arago* from Havre to Cowes, and will return to America by the Atlantic, leaving Liverpool June 11th. In consequence of the intelligence from the United States confirming the recognition of Walker's Government in Nicaragua, the funds had consequently declined. The closing prices on the 3d were, Consols for money, 94½ @ 94½. For the 10th July the last regular price was 96 @ 96½, and later transactions took place at a slight reaction. New loan scrip 1½ to 2 prem. Bank Stock, 216½ @ 217.

There was no alteration in the Corn market from previous rates. In the evening edition of the *London Times* of June 4th, Consols for money are quoted at 94½ @ 94½.

By the arrival of the steamship *America* at Halifax, June 18th, we have three days later news from Europe. The anxiety in England on the subject of Mr. Crampton's anticipated dismissal had become intense, and in both Houses of Parliament interpellations had been put to Ministers to elicit information in regard to it. Lord Palmerston stated that news had been received through an indirect source by the Cunard steamer which left Halifax on the 22d, that Mr. Crampton had received his passport, but that this intelligence had not been confirmed by the steamer which left New York on the 24th. The government was not, therefore, in the possession of any official information on the subject. On the Central American question his Lordship again stated that no reply as yet had been received to the proposition of the English government to refer the matter to arbitration. The French Emperor, through the *Morning Post*, which is considered his London organ—claims the credit of having used every effort to remove these unhappy complications. The inundations at Lyons and other parts of France had caused an immense destruction of property. Ten millions of francs had been voted for the relief of the sufferers, and the Emperor had left for the provinces to superintend the distribution of the money. The liabilities of M. Place, late administrator of the Credit Mobilier, are estimated at eight million francs.

The fleet sent by Spain to Mexico is reported to number eleven ships of the line, three frigates, two corvettes and four steamers.

The Italian question is becoming so critical that Count Cavour is obliged to undertake another journey to Paris. It is said that Mazzini has announced his intention of retiring from political life, and ending the remainder of his days in America.

The money market had undergone no change since the sailing of the *Arago*. Consols on the 6th closed at 94½ @ 94½. The bullion in the bank had increased £85,000. Cotton had declined one sixteenth of a penny on middling, and one eighth on fair quality. Breadstuffs were firm, with a trifling advance in some descriptions of wheat. Provisions were unsettled.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The *Brokers' Circular* reports a dull market, at a decline of 1-16th on middling qualities and 3/8th on fair, closing steady, with but little speculative demand. The sales of the week amounted to 50,000 bales, including 6,750 bales to speculators, and 1,500 to exporters.

AUSTRALIA.

At Sydney, gold was selling at £3 16s. 6d. per ounce, and flour ranged from £27 to £31 per ton. The production of gold showed a weekly increase, the improvement being principally in the fields of the Western district. Exchange had risen to three per cent premium. Miss Catherine Hayes had been in delicate health, but was recovering. The Steam Navigation Company via Panama, was about to be dissolved. Domestic servants were in demand, but mechanics did not find ready employment.

ASIA.

At Calcutta, at last accounts, there was but little activity in the produce market. The indigo season had closed. There was no improvement in the money market and loan. The banks charged 16 per cent interest. At Canton trade was reviving. The total exports of tea from China had not fallen off.

AFRICA.

At Sierra Leone the colony in general was healthy, but some fever prevailed among the Europeans. Several heavy typhoons had been experienced. The French Vice Consul had left for England. We have news from the Cape of Good Hope to April 8. Mr. Solomon carried a motion in the House of Assembly that a committee be appointed to consider the best means for promoting immigration, in accordance with the suggestions

made by his Excellency the Governor in his speech on the opening of Parliament.

Advices from Mauritius to the 29th of March state that the mortality from cholera was decreasing.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From New Granada we learn that the Governor has addressed a circular to the foreign consuls on the subject of a reported invasion of the Isthmus by filibusters. The hospitals of the Panama Railroad Company were nearly cleared of the sufferers by the riot of April 16 and the accident of May 6. The head agency quarters of the railroad company were to be removed from Panama to Calico.

There is no revolution in Venezuela. We have a letter from Trinidad, dated May 25th, in which it is stated that Trinidad Brache, an unsuccessful merchant, collected a small force, attacked and took Maturin, with the cry of "Vive la federation, down with the dictator." A natural son of President Monagas was killed; no other life lost. Brache had assumed the name of Paer, but without any authority. Monagas had sent troops to quell the riot. It was only a riot.

The Venezuelan Congress was dissolved on the 8th of June, after the passage of an act increasing the number of provinces from sixteen to twenty-one, declaring the functions of all the old Governors at an end, and authorizing the President to appoint new ones for the twenty-one provinces. All members of Congress, either of the House or Senate, whether their time had expired or not, were also to cease their functions, so that an entire new Congress may be elected in August. It is understood that the President is to designate the members who are to be elected through the newly appointed Governors; and of course no citizen will presume to vote for any member who is not thus nominated.

The President has not been declared "Dictator," as was contemplated, but the new Congress will be under his immediate control, and will act precisely as he desires, thus relieving him from any responsibility to the people.

The cholera has returned to Caracas with all its direful consequences. The troops have been almost annihilated.

MEXICO.

By the arrival of the steamship *Texas* at New Orleans we have news from the city of Mexico to June 5th and from Vera Cruz to the 8th. There existed a great excitement, caused by differences between the Congress and Cabinet, and by the arrival of the Spanish squadron at Vera Cruz. On the former subject, it seems that the difficulty was owing to the want of a proper understanding of the section of the plan of Ayutla which provided for the election of a President *ad interim*. Comonfort's enemies argued that Gen. Alvarez being appointed only as President *ad interim*, could not delegate the Executive authority to another person. If Congress had sustained this view, it was thought that Degollados or Ocampo would be elected. To parry this blow, Comonfort re-established the Privy Council; but as the former Council was opposed to his views, he displaced all who were deputies in Congress and filled the vacancies with his friends. The Council being thus reorganized, has authority to nominate a President *ad interim*. Both parties had, however, proposed compromises. A proposition has been introduced into Congress declaring the decrees which reorganizes the Privy Council illegal. It was in the agreed that the new councillors should resign, and that Congress should refuse to accept the resignation of Alvarez. The Cabinet had positively refused to receive the new Spanish Minister so long as his demands were backed by the presence of a fleet of vessels of war, and it was thought that Spain would not gain anything by the mission. An alliance with the United States was advocated by many. Generals Santa Anna and Woll had been published as deserters by the military commission. The Jesuits were about to be deprived of their property, and the decree of Santa Anna for their restoration revoked. Don Buenaventura Vivo had returned to Mexico.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From the South Pacific the news is interesting. Peru was in a very disturbed state, and the revolutionary movement was anticipated. Bolivia and Chili were quiet. In the latter State the Presidential election was close at hand, but no symptoms of popular agitation were visible. The damages done to the crops by the storm of March last were much exaggerated in the first reports. From the copper mines there were very cheering accounts, and a fine trade was expected to spring up when the free trade treaty with the Argentine republic was perfected.

In the Sandwich Islands the Legislature had met and addressed the King, dilating on the financial condition of the country with joy, and promising to pass laws against the use of intoxicating liquors and narcotic stimulants. Agriculture would be promoted and sanitary rules extended. The Chinese coolies were to be prevented from wandering about and corrupting the natives. Mr. Gregg, United States Commissioner, had taken official offence at the action of the editor of the Hawaiian newspaper—organ of the government—for republishing an article hostile to the United States, taken from the *London Times*. Government explained the affair, after having had a statement from the editor. His Majesty appealed to the American rule of "free speech and free press." A member of the Legislature, who was once convicted of polygamy, had been unseated on that account; and the question is asked, what will the American Congress do with the Mormon members, should they come to Washington? The married ladies of Honolulu had presented a petition praying for the suppression of theatres and circuses, on the ground that they kept their husbands out all night.

WEST INDIES.

We have news from Havana to the 9th of June. The steam frigate *Merrimac*, having broken her machinery, was towed out to sea on that day, in order to have the necessary repairs effected at Charleston. The vessel had been an object of great attraction to the inhabitants of Havana during her stay. On the 7th Capt. Prendergrast and his officers dined with General Concha, the United States consul being among the guests invited to meet them. The health of the city was good. Sugar had advanced a quarter to half a real. During a heavy storm on the 9th the ship *Champion* was sunk, and other damage was done.

Accounts from Kingston, Jamaica, represent the weather as having been wretchedly bad, and much damage had been experienced by heavy rains. It was thought that the crops would fall under the usual average.

Capt. Jordan, of the brig *Hobart* from Jacmel, arrived at this port, reports that on the night of May 21, in consequence of torrents of rain having fallen almost without intermission for three days preceding, the stream called Orange overflowed and submerged a part of the city, and undermined and carried away from twenty to twenty-five houses with persons in them, and several were drowned, while others escaped by boats. A great many of the inhabitants are without an asylum, clothes, or any common necessary. It is almost impossible to describe the damage, not only in the city and vicinity, but likewise in the interior. All the banana trees were rooted up and washed into the river, with animals and other property. The high roads to the capital are become almost impracticable, and the storm appears to have been prevalent throughout the island. A great deal of coffee was washed away out of the stores of the speculators in different parts of the city.

BOSTON.

JUNE 18, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The session of the Legislature which closes on the 6th inst. may be said to have accomplished, negatively, a large amount of good, for we must consider that the unprecedented length of the session, 157 days, gave them an opportunity to do much evil; but, fortunately for the State, they were content with undoing some of the imprudent acts of their predecessors, while they originated some more praiseworthy schemes. The Governor has approved 310 acts and 103 resolves, being 179 acts less and 14 resolves more than last year. The passage of the general incorporation law and a growing distaste for special legislation will, I think, tend to diminish the length of future sessions; though these causes may perhaps be counteracted by the increase of pay to three dollars per diem, which has, doubtless, in a measure contributed to the length of the past session.

A California pedestrian, one Wm. Hughes, accomplished the feat, last week, of walking for a hundred consecutive hours, without rest, upon a plank twenty feet by three. He began at noon on Tuesday, and finished at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. A great number of spectators were present during his journey, and large sums of money were staked upon the result. His food, which he ate walking, consisted of gruel, boiled chicken and sherry wine. He did not manifest great fatigue at the conclusion of his task, but undertook to walk another hour for \$100. Tired nature gave way, however, and at the end of half an hour he fell exhausted and was conveyed home in a carriage. He offers to walk for another hundred hours upon the Common, on a wager of \$100. I think, however, that the police will insist that if such exhibitions are to take place they must be confined to the interior of some appropriate building. Hughes is of a light frame, but owes his great power of endurance to a long and careful course of training and a strict attention to diet.

I am now able to speak in terms of unqualified praise of Vestrali's small but excellent opera troupe. The tenor, Ceres, is certainly one of the most remarkable that has ever visited this country. His carriage is somewhat awkward, but he is zealous to fulfil every requirement of his part, and his individuality is lost in the character which he assumes. He has a pure ringing chest voice, never rising into falsetto, and gives the finale of an opera with the same clearness and vigor which characterized the commencement. Taking into consideration the fact that a tenor with great dramatic talent is an anomaly, we must affirm that Ceres combines more of the desirable qualities of a good tenor than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Signora Manzini labors under the disadvantage of following Lagrange; the latter is wonderful, the former is excellent. Manzini is small for a lyric actress, but she is spirited. Her voice, though not of extraordinary compass, is sweet and entirely at her control, and gives great delight to her audiences. Barili, the baritone, is not to be named on the same day with Barilli, Morelli, or Amadio. The parts assigned to a baritone seem to require dignity and that solid physique, which the three whom I have mentioned does. But Barili is tall, slim, and somewhat awkward. He is most at home in the tenor portion of his scale, and deals freely with the *fremolo* style. Vestrali and Gasparoni are well known. "Trovatore" was given on Monday evening, and we were gratified to observe that Vestrali learned to sacrifice her charms in "making up" for the gipsy. She was completely disguised with paint and costume, and in the decrepit old hag before you, it was difficult to recognize the form which stalks so proudly on the stage as Arsace, Maffeo Orsini, or Romeo. They have met with good support, considering that they came unheralded, and so late in the season. To-night they give one act from four separate operas, their last appearance.

The idea of a regatta on the Fourth of July, which was once abandoned, has now been resumed, and the programme is announced. There will be three races, open free to boats from all parts of the country. One race is for wherries and fancy boats of every description, pulled by one man, distance two miles

the second for four-oared gigs, three miles; and the third, for six and eight-oared gigs, three miles. An allowance of twenty seconds per oar, in the latter case, will be made in favor of the smaller boats. There will be two prizes in each race, to the value of \$400 in all. Shall not New York be represented?

Of our theatres, the Museum only is open. Agnes Robertson is playing the second week of her engagement there to crowded houses. On her first visit here, two years ago, she played for nine weeks, and the excitement was immense. The enthusiasm has now, however, settled down to a solid satisfaction, and the people flock to see her from the force of habit. The Ravens will soon come to Boston for the "summer season." Mr. Barry will soon start for England to secure new talent for the winter. Most of his company are in Canada "starring it."

On Friday occurs the great festival at Harvard College, of "Class Day," when the graduating class receive and entertain their friends with eloquence, feasting, music, and dancing. But of that highly interesting occasion, I shall tell you more next week.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE, Thursday, June 12.—The Democratic portion of the Senate was taken completely by surprise by Mr. Hamlin, Senator from Maine, who asked to be excused from serving as Chairman on the Committee of Commerce. He said that for nine years he had been almost a silent member of the Senate. Upon the Slavery question he had scarcely uttered a word. He loved his country more than he loved any party, more than anything that could agitate and disturb its harmony. Though he believed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise a great wrong, unequalled in the legislation of this, or almost of any country, still, with a desire for harmony he was silent through the exciting debate, opposing that great wrong by his silent, but uniform vote, not only from his convictions, but in accordance with the instructions of his Legislature, passed by almost a unanimous vote—but the thing was done in violation of the principles of that party with whom he had always acted and in violation of the solemn pledges of the President of the United States in his Inaugural Address. Since, however, the wrong had been endorsed by the Cincinnati Convention in its consummation and its results, he felt it his duty to declare that he could no longer maintain political associations with any party that insisted upon such doctrines, and could support no man for President who avowed and recognized those doctrines, and with whatever power God had endowed him, it should be used in the coming contest in opposition to that party. Mr. Butler then commenced a reply to Senator Sumner's speech, but had not concluded when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—No quorum, only 106 members answering to their names. Adjourned.

SENATE, Friday, June 13.—Mr. Butler continued his speech in reply to Senator Sumner. Mr. Wilson briefly rejoined. Adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE.—No quorum. Adjourned to Saturday.

HOUSE, June 14.—After receiving resolutions from the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, relative to the Sumner assault and the recent occurrences in Kansas, adjourned till Wednesday next.

SENATE, Monday, June 16.—Mr. Clayton offered another plan for the pacification of Kansas. He proposes to abolish the existing Territorial Legislature and elect a new one, the voters to be bona fide inhabitants of the Territory two months, and of their respective districts one month previous to the day of election. The laws of the Territory relative to the discussion of the slavery question and the maintenance of the Fugitive Slave law are also to be abolished. The people are authorized to form a State government when the population shall have reached the number of 93,420. This is the third proposition presented in the Senate for the settlement of Kansas troubles. Mr. Trumbull wants to annex the Territory to Nebraska; Mr. Crittenden believes Gen. Scott can restore tranquility among the squatter sovereigns; while Mr. Clayton is in favor of taking a fresh start altogether. Mr. Adams delivered a speech upon his bill extending the probationary term of aliens desirous of becoming naturalized. The resolutions of the Rhode Island Legislature condemnatory of the Sumner assault were presented, and after some discussion were ordered to be printed. The Senate adjourned till Thursday. The House was not in session.

HOUSE, Wednesday, June 18.—A resolution was adopted inquiring of the President what measures had been taken to procure from Powers, the sculptor, a work of Art for the Capitol extension, for which \$25,000 had been appropriated. Mr. Grover declared, in reference to the letter lately published, purporting to be addressed to him by Gov. Reeder, that he had received no such letter from the latter. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, gave notice that on Monday he should endeavor to take up the report of the Select Committee on the Sumner assault. The Senate was not in session.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RACHEL AND THE NEW WORLD. DIX & EDWARDS.

Mons. BRAUVELLET, the author of this piquant little work, was an *attaché* of the great *tragedienne*, and accompanied her throughout her transatlantic tour. He presents some very peculiar, very quaint, and very French views of this country, its people and institutions, looking at every thing with jaundiced eyes and through French spectacles. Nevertheless he makes up an interesting and amusing *pot-pourri* of incident and adventure, and a perusal of a few chapters, during the dog days, after a hearty dinner, will be most agreeable antidote for the ennui of country residences or fashionable watering places, and prove an admirable help to digestion.

ARMY.

Fourteen hundred tons of shell, and twenty-three pieces of ordnance of large calibre have just been received upon Governor's Island. Five hundred tons of stores have recently left for the arsenal at California.

First Lieutenant Alden Sargent, 9th Infantry, U. S. A., has resigned, to take effect June 7th.

No new military orders have recently been issued applicable to Kansas. The Executive Department have just reiterated to the authorities of that Territory, that there must be strict compliance with the programme of May last.

The following are the names of the West Point graduates, all of whom are now entitled to the commission of Brevet Lieutenant in the army:—Cyrus B. Comstock, Mass.; Godfrey Weitzel, Ohio; Cornelius Van Camp, Penn.; George H. Elliott, Mass.; Julius B. Wheeler, N.C.; Ebenezer Gay, N.H.; Samuel Breck, Jr., Mass.; David McM. Gregg, Penn.; Fred. L. Childs, at large; John V. D. Du Bois, N.Y.; Michael P. Small, Penn.; Francis R. T. Nicholls, La.; Alexander S. Webb, N.Y.; John W. Turner, Ill.; Francis A. Shoup, Ia.; John R. Church, Ga.; Albert V. Colburn, Vt.; James Wheeler, Jr., N.Y.; George D. Ruggles, N.Y.; Lewis Merrill, Penn.; Alfred T. A. Torbert, Del.; Chas. W. Thomas, at large; James H. Hill, at large; Edward L. Hart, Penn.; Clarence E. Bennett, N.Y.; William W. Averell, N.Y.; Tim. M. Ryan, Jr., Penn.; William B. Hazen, Ohio; Henry W. Freedy, Penn.; Henry M. Lazell, Mass.; William R. Pease, N.Y.; Jesse K. Allen, Ill.; Robert C. Hill, N.C.; George M. Dick, Penn.; Francis L. Vinton, at large.

The following are the names of the cadets at large—that is, those who have been appointed by the President, and who will form a portion of the fifth class:—Edmund Kirby, son of Col. Kirby, deceased, late of the United States army; George V. Henry, son of Capt. Henry, deceased; Justin Dimick, son of Major Dimick, United States navy; Franklin Harwood, son of Capt. Harwood, United States navy; Campbell Emory, son of Major Emory, United States army; Llewellyn Hoxton, son of Dr. Hoxton, deceased, formerly of the United States army; Robert L. Eastman, son of Capt. Eastman, United States army; Jefferson D. Bradford, son of David Bradford, deceased; served in the war of 1812; Henry A. Dupont, Delaware; Frank A. Davis, Pennsylvania, orphan; family rendered much service in the war of 1812 and subsequent wars; Wright River, District of Columbia.

The Oregon and Washington Indians have been reduced to comparative quiet, and the United States troops have returned to their quarters.

NAVY.

The United States steamer Despatch, Lieutenant Commanding Thos. M. Cross, arrived at this port, June 12, from Key West, having left that port on the 6th of June.

Intelligence from Key West states that the U. S. sloop of war Saratoga, Commander Tilton, nineteen days from San Juan, arrived on the morning of June 6, and was to sail on the 11th for Pensacola.

The U. S. vessels of war in port were the frigate Potomac, Commander Powell; sloop of war Saratoga, Tilton; steamer Fulton, Tighman; schooners Florida, Lieut. Watkins, com. Light House duty; Graham, Lieut. Seward, Coast Survey; Petrel, Mr. Sullivan, do.; Agassiz, Mr. Gardella.

The steamship Susquehanna, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Paulding, left on the 29th of May for San Juan. She would return by the 12th or 15th of June.

The sloop of war Cyane, Lieut. Com. Robb, was to sail on the 12th of June for San Juan.

The Boston Transcript says: "Inquiries have been forwarded from Washington to the Charleston Navy Yard, to learn if there are facilities there for building four of the ten steam frigates lately authorized by an act of Congress."

The injury to the U. S. steam frigate Merrimac consisted of wearing away of the plunger boxes of the engine. The Merrimac had arrived at Key West, from whence the Fulton was dispatched to Havana for machinery.

The United States frigate Constellation, Captain Bell, was at Marcellus on the 27th of May.

The President of the United States and Secretary of the Navy were expected to be present at the launching of the Colorado at Norfolk, on the 19th of June. The U. S. steam frigate San Jacinto had arrived at Singapore on the 5th of April, from Penang.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual "Strawberry Festival" in the University Building, Washington-square, June 17. Governor Bradish in the chair. Quite a large number of the members of the Society assembled in the small chapel, where Lieutenant Strain, United States Navy, read a lengthy paper on the history of inter-oceanic communication. The document was of the most interesting character, and was listened to with much attention. At the conclusion of the literary exercises, the party adjourned to one of the upper rooms, where was prepared a strawberry feast. Some few speeches were here made, and the occasion was one of the most pleasant nature.

OBITUARY.

REVEREND ASA CUMMINGS, D.D.—The above named divine died on board of the steamship George Law, when on her last passage from Panama to New York. Doctor Cummings was on his return home from a visit to one of his daughters, when his useful career on earth was cut short. Mr. Cummings was a very devoted and zealous clergyman, and possessed a very extensive and varied literary talent. He was for thirty years the successful editor of the *Christian Advocate*, published in Portland, Maine, and was considerably connected with several of the leading literary and theological institutions of New England. His death is mourned by an extended circle of attached friends.

DEATH OF A ZEALOUS PHILANTHROPE.—Watson G. Haynes died at La Virgin, Nicaragua, on May 9th, of yellow fever. Mr. Haynes was known in this country by his services in procuring the abolition of flogging in the Navy. He had served in United States army-war, and his statements and appeals in that behalf carried great weight with the public; and, with the co-operation of humane persons, both officials and others, his labors finally resulted in the desired reform. Mr. Haynes went to Nicaragua soon after Walker was established there, and after having tried to get his living by other labor, at last joined the army, and held the rank of Captain when he died. We believe this was not his first experience of military life, and that he had served in Spain under Zumalacarrregui, the famous Carlist partisan, by whom he was promoted to a considerable rank. He was an earnest and well meaning man of Irish birth and a great deal of enthusiasm.

CRY MORTALITY.—According to the report of the City Inspector, the total number of deaths in this city during the past week was 509, viz: 56 men, 51 women, 117 boys, and 85 girls, showing a decrease of 28 on the mortality of the week previous.

LAGER BIER.

We have been frequently asked the meaning and derivation of the word "Lager."—We now answer it by an interesting extract, giving a full account of this drink, so very popular with our German friends:—

Lager beer is a malted liquor, originally made in Bavaria, in essential properties identical with ordinary ale, which it closely resembles in appearance, though differing in taste; of much less specific gravity; weaker, and retaining its foam a shorter time after being drawn. Its taste is sub-acid, pungent, and leaves in the mouth a peculiar flavor, caused by a coating of pitch which the interior of the barrel receive before being filled. The difference between the modes of brewing lager beer and ordinary ale is indicated by the etymology of the name Lager—meaning rest—remaining in store; the former requiring to rest in a cool vault from four to six months before it becomes drinkable, while the latter can be used immediately after being emptied from the vat.

In Bavaria, the manufacture is carried on under government inspectors, the brewing period being prescribed by law, from 20th September to 28th April, the festivals of St. Nicholas and St. George. There it is of two kinds, one of which retains flavor only for a day or two; and the beer drinkers of Bavaria, who are very numerous, indulge so capricious and delicate a palate, that when assembled in their beer houses they wait impatiently, if the cask in use be half empty, for a fresh one to be tapped. It is said that in well frequented houses of this kind an ordinary cask lasts about an hour. From a German treatise, entitled *Der Bierbrauer*, we learn that "the attachment of the Bavarians to the beer beverage is such—a beverage descended from their remotest ancestry—that they regard the use of ardent spirits, even in moderation, as so immoral a custom, as almost to disqualify habituates of liquor-drinking from respectable society."

In effect, it is very moderately exhilarating, having but feeble intoxicating properties.—Indeed, if it were not comparatively innocuous in its effects, the enormous quantity consumed would effect and have among the drinkers—it being no unusual occurrence for an individual to drink a gallon daily, and even more. That it will ever become a favorite beverage with Young America, however, is not probable; the liking for it not being natural, but acquired. If it is drunk for the gratification of the palate, Americans can readily obtain a more delicious draught, and if sought as a means of inducing intoxication, or to get up exuberance of spirits, it will be found entirely too low pressure for the purpose and require too widely distended a stomach for locomotion afterwards. Its introduction has also created the necessity for a new article in glassware, for a fastidious drinker would be as reluctant to imbibe his favorite draught from any other vessel than a Lager beer glass, as an American would dislike to drink his morning coffee from a tumbler. These glasses are of the usual shape, save that they are wider at the base than at the brim; and have a curling ear, like the wine bottles which John Gilpin carried suspended on his belt, on the day of his celebrated ride "unto the Belle of Edmonton."

To gain an idea of the partiality of the German palate for this beverage, let the reader enter one of the German restaurants, and he will find that every order for "*Kulbuben mit Kartoffeln*," "*Speck mit Eyer*," &c., &c., is usually accompanied with the supplement "*und ein Glas Lager beer*."—Upon them it seems to have an eminently soothing and tranquilizing effect, and, under its gentle inspiration they grow communicative and even eloquent. A young lady, whose music teacher was particularly cross and fault-finding, upon complaining of his temper to a friend who was also his pupil, was laughingly suggesting the possibility of providing him with a glass of Lager beer on his next visit. "Indeed, if it was done, and repeated at every future lesson, and the pupil henceforth ever spoke highly of her preceptor, and his assiduity in instructing her." It is not our present purpose to moralize upon the use or abuse of these beverages. We are only dealing with facts; but when, as an illustration of the amount of Lager beer our German friends imbibe, we mention that, in the little village of Hoboken, from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty barrels are consumed weekly, it shows plainly what can be done in larger places. In some of the Lager beer gardens, where it is drunk in the open air, a band of music enlivens the scene, though whether the beer is swallowed for the music, or the music for the beer, we cannot clearly understand.

JONATHAN AND HIS BRIDE AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.

At one of our fashionable hotels the other day, among the arrivals was one of the genus verandant—a regular no-mistake Jonathan—with eyes wide open at the novelties he met at every turn. He had brought along with him his better-half—a strapping flaxen-haired lass, bedecked with a profusion of ribbons and cheap jewelry; they had evidently "come down to the city" to spend the honeymoon, and no doubt "darned the expense." The first morning after their arrival, the servant was thrown into hysterics by a verandant mistake; Jonathan's bell rang furiously and he demanded to see the landlord; that functionary having made his appearance, he was hailed with, "How are ye, how do you do old fellow? No need to be in a hurry, all right here—room fixed up first-rate, gives a feller a highfalutin feeling; but I say old boss, we want a wash-bowl and towel to take off the dust outside, then we'll come down and take a little New Engud with ye." "Here are all the conveniences for washing," said the landlord, stepping to a mahogany wash-sink and raising the lid. "Gosh! all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yankee, "who ever tho't of that 'ere table's openin' on top that way." Nothing farther occurred until the hour for breakfast. When the verandant couple were seated at the table, and Jonathan having burned his throat by drinking his coffee too hot, and attempting to help himself to an omelette with his fingers, finally had his attention attracted to some fish-balls, which are, as everybody knows, fish and potato's minced together, rolled into balls as large as an ordinary apple, and cooked brown. Having procured the dish that contained them by means of a servant, he helped himself and partner to one, each grasping the fatal morsel in hand. Jonathan, opening his capacious jaws, was about to swallow, when suddenly he disgorged the morsel, and, in expression of much disappointment, and turning to his bride, exclaimed: "I sware, Patience, these doughnuts are red-hot but cold fish and taters."

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEST POINT, TIFECANOR CO., IND., June, 1886.
MR. CHESSEBORT.—Since the first publication of *Bacon's Handbook of Chess*, I have been a chess-player, but never yet attempted to make a problem. Stimulated by several remarks in your chess column, I embarked on the troubled waves of this sleep stealing study, and submit herewith my first production unconditionally to the mercy of your "crucifying pen."

Truly yours, A. OSMAN.
We welcome our friend back to our columns. Any man in such an out of the way place as you hail from who will take the trouble to send us a problem, may rely upon its receiving respectful consideration. Your problem does well. But how does it well? Marry, for those who play ill. Argal, the problem may do well for these. Something after this style of rejoinder may be found in the grave-digging scene in Hamlet, from which we have incontinently stolen the idea, the power of association between this and coffin being suggestive of grave jests. Seriously, the hole in your problem is not wide as a church door or as deep as a well, but as Mr. Osman says, "I will do." Your Kt at K7 is so much out of the way that the position does not appear as regular, and mate may be effected in a simpler manner than by running across the board with your queen in such latent fashion. For a first effort, however, it is not bad, and study may make you an adept, although we believe that talent in this direction is inherent, like that for poetry. All the education in the world, coupled with the most untiring industry, may enable a man to write verses, but they will never rise to the dignity of poetry, although the first letter of each line may begin with a capital and the whole be divided into the requisite number of dactyls and spondee, or iambics and trochees. At least that is what a college tutor noted on our maiden effort at Latin poetry, and our own judgment has often echoed the remark when we have vainly essayed to perfect a vague chess-idea in a problem. Mr. Cochrane, than whom a finer player, perhaps, does not live, never could make a problem in his life. Almost as much may be said of Mr. Huxtable, and don't write all this in the spirit of discouragement, but only that it may create in you, as it often has in us, a feeling of self-complacency.

SACRAMENTO CITY, May 19, 1886.
EDITOR CHESSEBORT.—It is of any interest to you to receive "Items of chess" from abroad, I shall take pleasure in contributing to your columns, in the way of problems and games played here. There will be a "Chess Club" formed in this city shortly, which will enable me to furnish you with interesting items. Meanwhile I hand you a small problem of my own for examination, and if you deem it worthy an insertion I shall be pleased to see it in your columns.

Yours very respectfully,

M. ELIAS.

We are right glad to hear from California and especially from Sacramento where we resided for some time, in the pleasant family of Gen. Hutchinson, then Mayor of the City. "How the old time comes over us!" That was an eventful period in our history. Well, well, the game of life and the game of chess are indeed alike—full of vicissitudes and varying fortune. We were unhappily misled then, we are happily misled now, and—best of all!—our games and times of our enemies are all rooted in the back of State and fortune will be for those of us, upon whose games the recording angel will drop a tear to blot out our wrong moves. Send your games often. We will give your problem a hearty attention.

J. C. BACON, Chicago.—Your braided diagrams are most beautifully executed, and though it is pleasant to receive such, yet we question whether the extra time expended upon them might not be more profitably employed on the problem. The one which you sent as

a specimen of your new style embodies the same idea as that originated by our friend Eugene B. Cook, in a problem of his, which first appeared in the London Chess Player's Chronicle, 1882, Vol. XIII, pp. 297. First Argal, in his work on chess, (Problem VI) has the same idea as the four move problem of yours which we published some weeks ago. We do not suppose there was any plagiarism but the similitude is very striking.

We are indebted to our bibliophile friend, Mr. D. W. Fluke, for the following interesting items connected with chess in this city, among the players of what may now be styled the past generation. He exhumed them from the dusty tomes of some second-hand bookseller. We design to give a brief resume of the history of chess in New York when we "take the life" of our worthy President, Col. C. D. Mead. He will be served up on our chess plot when we can find leisure to do the subject justice.

From the Appendix to Lewis—Elements of Chess.

NEW YORK, 1837.

To avoid the undue severity of the old laws on the one hand, and a too relaxed practice on the other, the New York Chess Club has from time to time so altered and amended the laws as appeared best adapted to the genius of a game, played, or supposed to be played by gentlemen alone.

It has been thought advisable to make a collection of these laws as entered on the books of the Club; only altering the phraseology, where it becomes necessary, from the different form in which they are here presented. In some cases where the Club has not thought proper heretofore to enter a change on their minutes, the practice of their best players has been consulted and the following laws framed accordingly; but in no case has the Editor introduced any alteration without the advice of those whose high standing as players renders them competent judges of its propriety.

RULE No. III.—When a player has quitted a piece, he cannot recall the move; but if a player make a false move, it shall be at the option of the other party, whether the move shall remain or be taken over. If the king is moved into check, the opposite party shall have the option to require that the move of the player thus misplaying shall be to move his king out of check, or to take his move over.

[Foot-note].—The first part of this rule, though long since introduced into practice, was for the first time formally entered on the books of the Chess Club, as one of their laws, in 1837. It, in effect, repeals all the laws respecting touching a piece, or an adversary's piece, with a variety of forfeits in various cases, as when a piece is touched that cannot be moved, &c., &c. No other game but chess ever required to move a piece touched, and the custom has been almost universally to disregard it. With respect to the latter part of the law, it seems right that the adversary should have some check against fraud, and he may therefore insist that the piece remain where it is placed, if he finds his advantage in it. If not, no forfeit is entailed, the piece is replaced, and the party is in the same situation in which he was before he played at all; that is, he is at liberty to play any piece where he pleases. All these mistakes which the English laws punish so severely are here considered mere inadvertencies, and not punished except as above.

RULE No. IX.—(On the pawn after reaching the eighth rank.)

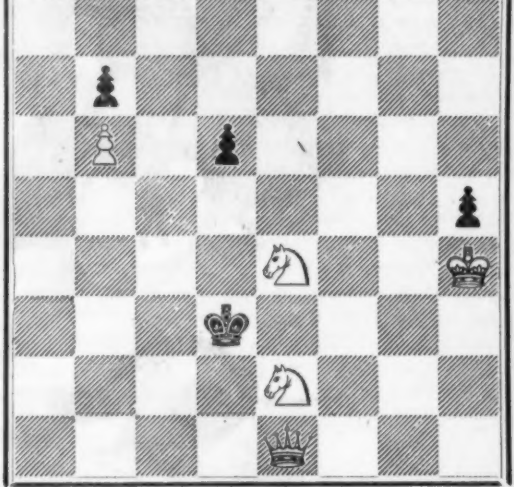
[Foot-note].—The Chess Club retains the old law, not to allow duplicate pieces; but the English rule is decidedly the best in this respect.

It has been considered advisable by those consulted on the present occasion, to insert the English law in this place.

RULE No. XI.—When the king is stalemated, the party in a stale wins.

[Foot-note].—This has been the universal practice in this country, and the Chess Club, to settle all doubts, rescinded the English rule, and substituted the one above.

PROBLEM XXIX.—By EUGENE B. COOK, Esq., of Hoboken. White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME XXIX.—Between Mr. H. P. MONTGOMERY, of Philadelphia, and Mr. PERRIN, of the N. Y. Chess Club.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Mr. M.	Mr. P.	Mr. M.	Mr. P.
1 P to K4	P to Q4	33 K to R	P to KR3
2 P to K4	P takes P	34 R to QB8	K Kt to QB3
3 P to KB4	P to K3	35 R takes Kt	Kt takes R
4 Q takes P	Q Kt to B3	36 Q takes Kt	R P takes Kt
5 Q to K3	K Kt to B3	37 Q to Q5 (ch)	Q interposes
6 B to Q3	P to Q4	38 Q takes Q	R takes Q
7 P to K5	K Kt to K Kt5	39 K to K2	K to B2
8 Q to K Kt3	P to KB4	40 R to B2	K to B3
9 P to KR3	K Kt to KR3	41 R to QB6	P to QR3
10 K Kt to B3	Q to B2	42 K to B3	P to KB5
11 B to K3 (a)	B to K2	43 R to B3	R to K8
12 Castles	Castles	44 P to QR4	K to KB4
13 P to QR3	K Kt to KB2	45 R to QB5 (ch)	K to B3
14 Q Kt to Q2	P to Q Kt3	46 P to Q Kt5	P takes P
15 P to QB4	B to QB4	47 P takes P	R to K2
16 B takes B	P takes B	48 P to Q Kt6	R to Q Kt2
17 P takes Q P	P takes P	49 R to Q Kt5	K to K3
18 K to R	K Kt to Q	50 K to K4	K to R4
19 K R to QB (b)	K Kt to K3	51 R to Q Kt3	K to KR5
20 P to Q Kt3	B to Q Kt2	52 K to Q6	P to K Kt5
21 P to Q Kt4	P to Q B5	53 P takes P	K takes P
22 Q Kt takes P (c)	P takes Kt	54 K to QB6	R to Kt
23 B takes P	Q to K2	55 P to Q Kt7	R to KB
24 Kt to K Kt5	Q Kt to Q (d)	56 K to Q B7	P to K Kt4
25 Q to Q Kt3	R to K	57 P Queens	R takes Q
26 B to Q Kt5	B Ks K Kt P (ch) (e)	58 R takes R	K to Kt6
27 K takes B	Q to Q Kt2 (ch)	59 K to Q6	P to KB6
28 Q inter. at KB3	Q takes B	60 K to KB6	P to KB7
29 Q takes R	K Kt to Q B P (ch) (f)	61 K to K8	P to K Kt7
30 K to KB3	K Kt to Q6 (f)	62 R takes P (ch)	K takes R
31 R to QB5 (g)	K Kt takes KP (ch)	63 K to B5	Drawn game.
32 K to Kt2	Q to K7 (ch)		

NOTES TO GAME XXIX.

- (a) Knight to Knight's 5 looks promising, but white would have replied with pawn to Kt2.
(b) QR is preferable.
(c) A daring move: more brilliant than sound.
(d) After the conclusion of the game, it was remarked by us that the knight should have been moved to Q4.
(e) White preferred giving up the place to acting on the defensive (with a somewhat doubtful numerical advantage), since he thereby secured a good attack.
(f) Checking with queen at K7 would have won. Ex. prv.:
Kt to K7 (ch)
Kt to K8 (ch)
R takes Q, with a forced won game.
(g) Highly ingenious!

This game was very well played on both sides, and will bear rigid examination. It reflects credit upon the skill of both players.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXVII.

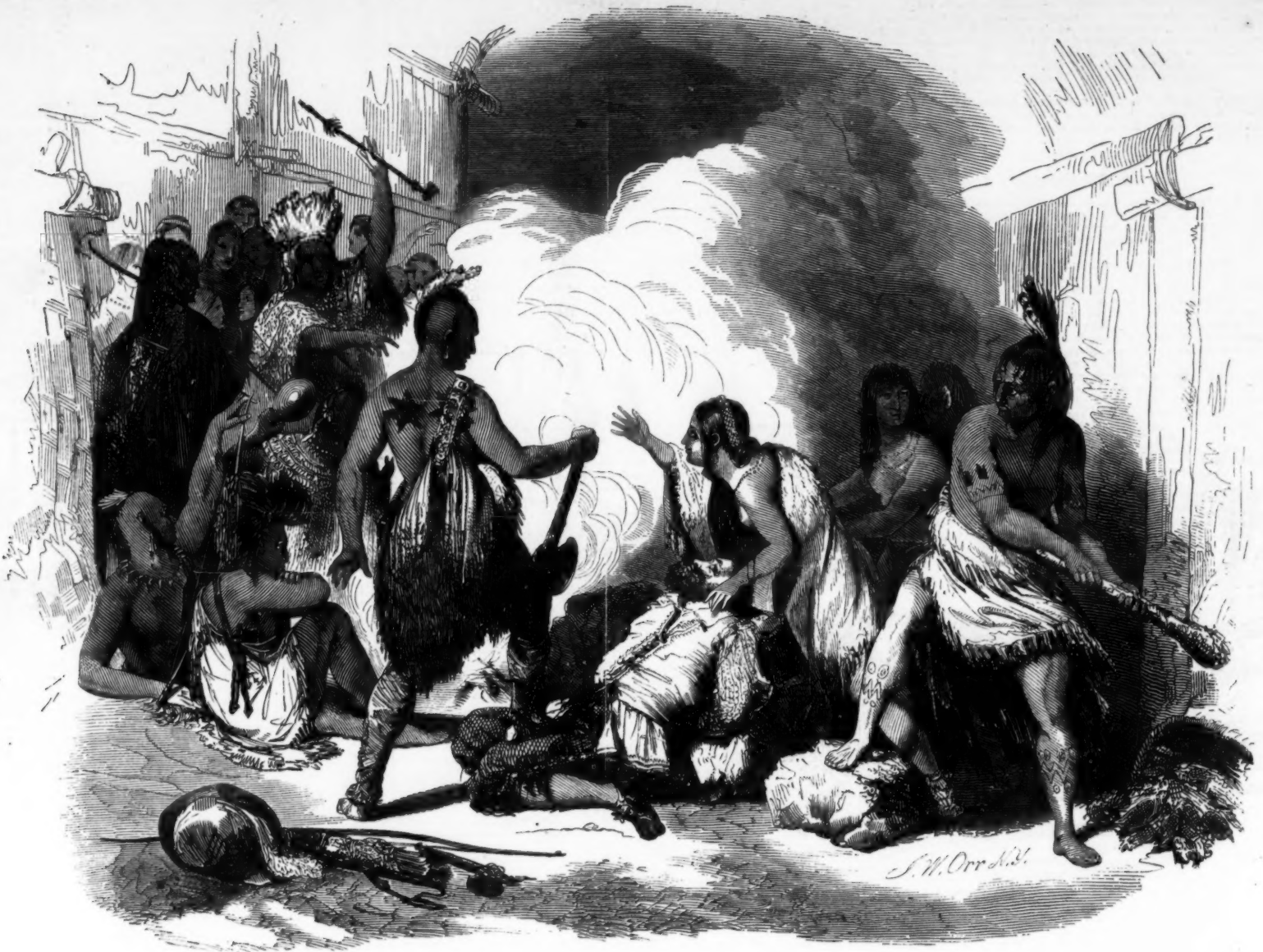
WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q takes Q P	1 B to K4 (ch) (best)
2 R interposes (ch)	2 K to KB5 (best)
3 K R P1	3 Q to KB2 (best)
4 R to QR4	4 Anything
5 Q or Kt mates.	

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK AGAINST PHILADELPHIA.	PHILADELPHIA AGAINST NEW YORK.
WHITE. Stollen Opening.	WHITE. Scotch Gambit.
NEW YORK.	PHILADELPHIA.
16 P to Q Kt3	16 B to Q Kt3
17 Kt to K Kt5	17 Q to Kt3
18 P to KB4	18 B to K Kt5
	19 Q to R5

POCAHONTAS, SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPT. SMITH.

AMONG the earliest lessons of history is the romantic and pleasing story of the beautiful and intrepid Indian maiden who interposed her person to ward off the death blow of the warrior-club that impended over the brave and gallant pioneer, Capt. Smith. The subsequent marriage of the parties, their arrival and courtly reception in England, the boastful assertion of John Randolph and many of the F. V.'s of Virginia, that the best blood of Pocahontas flowed in their veins, is as familiar to every child as household words. The event of which we give such a graphic and spirited illustration has been made classic. The pen of the historian, romancer and poet, the pencil of the artist, the eloquence of the orator, and the wisdom of the statesman have all combined to wrest from oblivion and forever perpetuate among the heart's most pleasant memories this remarkable incident, which so forcibly shows that love overleaps all barriers and levels all distinctions. Suggestive as is the subject we forbear from enlarging upon the beautiful lessons which it inculcates, since so much has already been said, written and sung upon the theme. The pictorial illustration, in its silent eloquence, far transcends all eulogy of words.



POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPT. SMITH.

THE RUSSIAN CITY OF ODESSA, IN THE BLACK SEA.

ODESSA, situated in the department of Kherson, between the mouths of the Dnieper and Dniester, has received additional importance during the late war from the fact of its bombardment by the British fleet. The city covers a portion of a broad plateau, which at this point rises nearly perpendicular from the sea, to the height of about eighty feet, and spreads out into immense steppes and deserts. It is enclosed by a wall and a fosse, and is otherwise strongly fortified. It contains many beautiful and lordly buildings, which appear mostly upon a terrace overlooking the sea, and in the midst of which a bronze statue of the Duc de Richelieu arrests the traveller's attention. In commercial importance, Odessa holds the first rank in the Black Sea. It was declared a free port in 1817, and has since continued to make unexampled progress. The town suffers from the want of good water. In some instances, Artesian wells have been sunk to the depth of 600 feet, without success. In the rear of the city are large tanks and water pits. Odessa was founded by Catharine II, in 1792. In 1802, its population was only 9000; in 1850, it numbered 72,000; and in one year, subsequently, there were built ninety new houses, and twenty great magazines.

WIDENING AND EXTENSION OF LAURENS STREET.—The Councilmen's Committee on Streets heard, June 16, a repetition of arguments on the subject of the widening and extension of Laurens street. It was supposed that the subject of a railroad in Fifth Avenue would be considered, which circumstance bought out a large number of property owners and residents on Fifth Avenue. It was intimated that though the subject was not at present before the Committee, an application to this effect would shortly be submitted to the Common Council. It was further stated that the parties zealous for the extension of Laurens street, to connect with Fifth Avenue, comprised those desirous of forming themselves into a Fifth Avenue Railroad Company, to run down to the Battery by Laurens street, West Broadway and College Place.

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.—In the case of the brig Braman, recently arrested on the charge of being a slaver, and now lying at the Navy Yard, a claim of ownership was filed June 14 in the United States Marshal's Office, by Manuel J. Frazer. He solicited the appointment of an appraiser of the ship and cargo, when it was stated bonds would be filed to wait the necessary legal inquisition. An application was made before Commissioner Betts to discharge Josepho Pedro Cunha, supercargo of the brig, on the ground of insufficiency

of complaint in the affidavit upon which the arrest was made. Mr. Cunha was discharged, but had hardly begun to taste the sweets of liberty when he was re-arrested on a new complaint, and introduced to his previous quarters at King's County Jail. Mr. Cunha, in the interim, filed a claim for the money (\$1,250) taken from the Braman. Growing out of the possession of this money a discrepancy of instruction meanwhile arose between the United States Marshal and the United States District Attorney. The latter instructed the Deputy Marshal having the money not to state the fact of possession, while the Marshal threatened to discharge every Deputy Marshal, unless the one having the money made it known. The Deputy gave up the money, and it is placed under bond.

ROW BOAT REGATTA.—A National Regatta, given by the Empire City Regatta Club, is to come off next Monday, June 23, at the foot of One-hundred and sixth street, East River. The boats are divided into three classes, and the prizes amount to about \$350. A large number of boats have entered, the favorite among which seems to be the new four-oared boat "Ground Oats," built by Chris. Thoms; she is 35 to 38 feet long, and enters in the first class. Should the weather prove fine, the Regatta will be one of the most interesting and exciting of the season.



CITY OF ODESSA, RUSSIA.



DRESDEN, THE CAPITAL CITY OF SAXONY.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE VALLEY OF SAN JOSE.

Our pages have been already illustrated by many views in California, for the first time given to the public. We have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the portfolio of two or three distinguished artists and travellers, which will enable us, as our space permits, to give views in the "Golden State" that are well calculated to attract attention, and give to the people residing on the Atlantic coast a clear and perfect idea of the country washed by the Pacific. The view of San Francisco bay looking towards San Jose has always been admired for its combination of bold scenery and soft undulating valley. The town of San Jose is one of the most beautiful in the interior of the State, and after a tremendous struggle by parties interested in the matter became the first capital of California. At the very Legislature that first met within its precincts, the subject of removal was agitated, and Benicia was selected, and finally the head-quarters of the civil government were transferred to Sacramento, where it may possibly remain if diverse interests and additional population do not again change the locality. San Jose, although it received a check by the removal of the seat of government, improved in morals and general quietness, and is now one of the most stately, flourishing towns on the Pacific coast, and bids fair to become of considerable importance as the leading mart of a rapidly increasing and intelligent population. The surrounding scenery

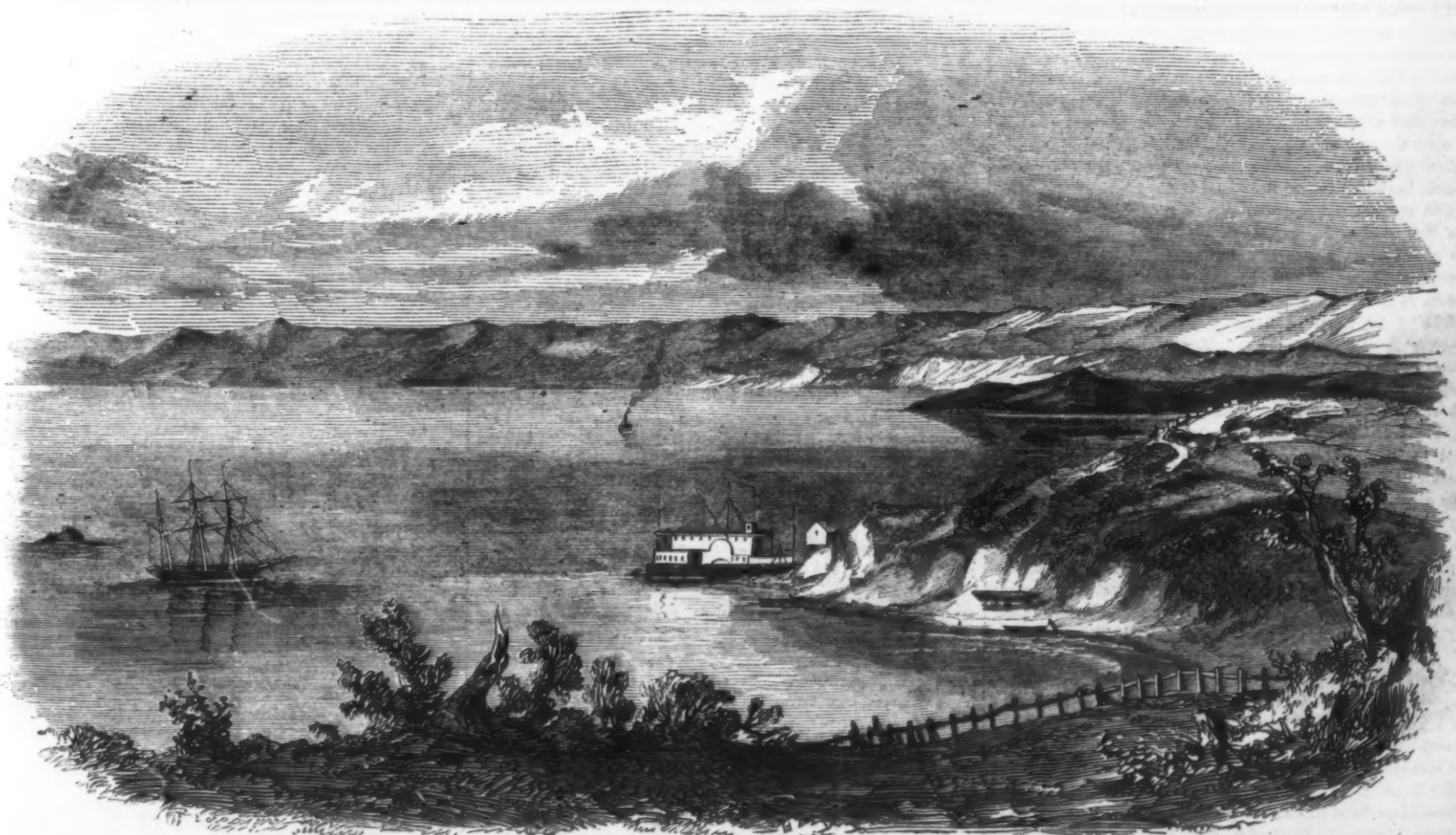
is magnificent, the climate is without a fault, and the soil prolific beyond comparison. It is from the valley of San Jose that we have onions as large as full moons, pumpkins big enough to hide a calf in, and no small potatoes under any circumstances.

VIEW OF DRESDEN, THE CAPITAL CITY OF SAXONY.

The City of Dresden is situated on the banks of the Elbe, in the picturesque and fertile valley of the Saxon Wine District. It contains many beautiful public buildings and private palaces, which time has invested with a rare degree of historic association. Among these are the Royal Palace, a vast and antiquated building; the far-famed Dresden Gallery of Paintings; the Palace of the Princes; the Augusteum and the Zwinger. Taking a foremost position in the development of literature and the arts, Dresden is regarded as the Florence of Germany, and it only requires the genius and patriotism of a modern Medici to perfect its claims to the proud title. The Opera House is perhaps one of the largest and best conducted of Central Europe, and has given reputation to many distinguished singers and musicians. Dresden has always been a fortified city since its erection in the eleventh century. It has been the scene of many eventful episodes in the world's history, and was one of the first cities in Germany to raise its voice and hand in defence of constitutional freedom.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Advices from Halifax state that the ship Pallas, Capt. Spillane, from Cork to Quebec, with 120 passengers, sighted coast of Cape Breton on the morning of the 30th of May. In the afternoon it was discovered that the compasses varied from one another, and the course of the vessel was then shaped between Cape North and St. Paul's. At 10 P. M. she struck on the breakers on St. Paul's and bilged, the sea washing over her. The passengers became panic-stricken and rushed into the boats, which sunk almost immediately. Seventy-two persons were thus drowned. In the morning the Superintendent of the Island sent off boats and rescued the remaining passengers. A vessel had left Sydney to convey them to Quebec. The ship is a total loss.

THE SHOE TRADE.—The stock of shoes has never, for many years, been so small as it is now; and there will be no increase, at the present prices of leather, unless there is a decided improvement in the price of boots and shoes. Purchasers must, therefore, pay a higher price, or they will be unable to get a Fall and Winter stock; and as there is no indication of a fall in the price of material, (labor is as low as it ought to be,) the price of shoes must come up, or they will not be manufactured. A new sort of shoe is now made at Andover, Mass., out of leather, gutta percha, and other things, without sewing. The sole can be melted off and on again, without damage; the shoe is water-proof, more durable than other shoes, and 200 persons are employed in the manufacture.



SAN FRANCISCO BAY, CALIFORNIA, LOOKING TOWARDS SAN JOSE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

THE country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligence, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canadas, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1855.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

THE absorbing topics of public interest during the past week have been the action of the two political conventions held in this city and in Philadelphia. The first was styled the "North American Convention," and was composed of those who "bolted" the Fillmore and Donelson nominations at Philadelphia, and such other delegates as were elected in pursuance of the call issued by the seceders. They numbered over one hundred and fifty of the leading men representing the "American" free-soil sentiment of the North. Prominent among these were George Law, Judge Ruggles, Silas Seymour, (State officer,) and a score of men of mark from New York—Governors Johnston, of Pa., Colby, of N. H., and Ford, of Ohio; Mr. E. C. Baker, President of the Massachusetts Senate, and three members of Congress from that State, together with very many from Northern States who have hitherto occupied high positions in the old American party proper. Every free State was represented, and there were delegates from Delaware, Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon.

The Convention assembled, Thursday, June 12th, and continued its daily sessions throughout the week, resuming them again on Monday, June 16th, and then adjourning over to Thursday, June 19th. Judge Conrad, ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, presided over its deliberations with great decision, preserving better order than is usually observed in political conventions. The debates were able and interesting, the dominant feeling seeming to be a desire to coalesce with any and all the elements of opposition to James Buchanan, whose success they regarded as but a continuation of the policy of the present administration, with a contingent reversion to Stephen A. Douglas for four years longer. The American question was overlaughed by the free-soil sentiment, which was as deep and earnest as the most ardent abolitionist could desire. Every speaker who touched upon this theme—and none of them ignored it—was greeted with the most tumultuous applause. On the second day a communication, inviting a conference, was presented from the chairman of the Republican Committee. This overture was favorably received and referred to a committee of one from each State. The next day their chairman, George Law, made a report recommending concert of action with the Republican party, and advising a ballot for President, that the Convention might indicate its preference. Mr. Law made a characteristic speech, which was applauded to the echo by the Convention, and hence may fairly be regarded as a reflex of its opinions. His address was eminently practical, and abounded with telling points. Among other things, he insisted upon the restoration of the Missouri compromise line, the immediate commencement of both a wagon road and railroad to California, improvements of rivers and harbors, and several other important matters not regarded as "constitutionally" orthodox by the Democratic party. The two principal candidates were Banks and Fremont, with a tolerably strong show for Com. Stockton and Judge McLean, and a scattering vote for Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, and Gov. Chase, of Ohio. After several ballots, in which Banks and Fremont ran very close, the former finally received a unanimous nomination. Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, was selected, on the first ballot, as the candidate for Vice President, and signified his acceptance in a set speech of considerable power. A committee of one from each State, of which Geo. Law was the chairman, was appointed to proceed to Philadelphia and confer with the Republicans. A platform was adopted with a very few short but strong planks, and the convention adjourned over, as above stated, to await the action of the Republicans. Here is the pith of the platform: Union; freedom of the ballot-box, of conscience, of speech, of the press; no foreign influence; free territory and free Kansas; no advantage to slavery from the repeal of the Missouri compromise; river and harbor improvements; and the immediate construction of a Pacific railroad by government aid. A "bolt" occurred on Monday, June 16th. Commodore Stockton's friends, comprising the New Jersey delegation, and a scattering few from other States, withdrew from the Convention and adjourned to another place, where they gravely nominated the Commodore for President, and Kenneth Raynor, of N. C., for Vice President.

The National Republican Convention assembled at Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 17. It was very largely attended, there being full delegations from all the free States, and representatives from Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Kansas. Hon. Robert Emmett, of New York, first addressed the Convention in a speech of great effect. Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, was selected as the

permanent President, and a long list of vice Presidents and Secretaries were added. Pending the action of the Committee on Credentials and Resolutions, stirring speeches were made by Henry S. Lane and Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts. The Fremont tide set the strongest from the outset, it being understood that Gov. Seward was not a candidate, although the adherents of Judge McLean pressed his claims with great energy. Col. Fremont was damaged by perverted and erroneous statements in regard to certain pledges said to have been made to the American party. Col. F.'s friends allege that he recognises no American or anti-American party, Whig, Democrat, Abolitionist, native or foreign, in this campaign; but simply a union of the people, of all parties, on terms of perfect equality, to secure freedom to Kansas. He does not desire to be regarded in any other light, and will not lend his name in any other manner.

Col. Fremont was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 359 votes to 196 for Judge McLean. The nomination was subsequently made unanimous, Col. F. receiving the vote of every State. A platform was adopted, as presented by David Wilmot. Its main planks were free-soilism, a Pacific railroad, river and harbor improvements, repudiation of the doctrines held at the Ostend Conference, and a bid for the foreign vote by a left-handed fling at the North Americans. This last action created a great deal of feeling among the Committee from the New York Convention and the resolution was amended, though it was thought that a breach was made that would be difficult to heal. The result of Fremont's nomination was received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the whole North. Guns were fired, bonfires blazed, and illuminations were made in the principal cities. In New York, the Tribune building was brilliantly lighted, a *feu de joie* of fireworks sent off from the roof of the building, and the Republican cannon in the Park, startled the echoes of the city, re-speaking free-soil thunder. Wm. L. Dayton, of N. J., was nominated for Vice President on the first ballot, and the chagrined "George Law" committee returned home.

California news of a startling character has been received. The steamer *George Law*, arrived June 12, bringing the California mails of May 22d and nearly \$2,000,000 in gold, the largest amount of treasure which has reached this city in any one steamer for a long time. The City of San Francisco has been excited to the greatest degree by the wanton murder of James King, editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, by James Casey, editor of the *San Francisco Sunday Times*, because the former had called the latter a Sing-Sing convict—which fact, by the way, the Court records of this city prove to be true. We have given full particulars of the transaction elsewhere, with faithful and spirited illustrations, from sketches drawn on the spot by our own San Francisco artist-correspondent, and from ambrotyped views of the streets, etc., where these startling events occurred. The action of the Vigilance Committee is freely commented on in another part of our paper. The other news from California, as also from Oregon and Washington Territories, is wholly destitute of interest. The annual examination of the West Point Cadets was brought to a close, June 16. Forty-eight graduates burst forth at once from academic life into full-fledged army officers. We give a list of these sons of Mars under our "Army" news. The exercises were the same as in previous years, and no particular event occupied worthy of private notice or public mention. The negro Wilson has been convicted of the murder of Capt. Palmer, of the schooner *Eudora Imogene*, and sentenced to be hung on the 25th day of July prox. He evinced the most hardened feeling throughout the trial, and heard his sentence with stoical indifference, remarking as he left the Court that he would "hang as well as the next man." A spirited Democratic ratification meeting was held in Brooklyn, June 16. Hon. John Vanderbilt, ex-M. C. Murphy, Horace F. Clark and others addressed the meeting, and the Cincinnati nominees were endorsed with noisy acclamation. The denizens of Fifth Avenue have been aroused from their lethargic state on the subject of politics, and shown themselves at the City Hall this week in large numbers. The reason for this unusual movement on their part was to defeat an attempt made by certain scheming politicians to widen Laurens street, and to commit the vandalism of extending it through that beautiful Park, the Washington Parade Ground, with the view, ultimately, of running a city railroad through the Fifth Avenue down to the Battery. No action has yet been taken in the matter, other than to refer it to the Councilmen Committee of Streets. The African Slave Trade is receiving the attention of our Courts. The U. S. Marshals have seized the brig *Braman*, on the charge of being fitted out for a slave. The Captain and crew are now lodged in King's County jail. Two Spanish passengers were arrested and subsequently liberated on bail. The money, \$1,950, found on board was claimed by one of the passengers and has been placed under bond, pending legal investigations. The cargo consisted mainly of water casks and shooks for Palm oil casks. These will be sold for the benefit of the Marshals. In the U. S. District Court, June 18, was commenced the trial of Rudolph Lasala, a Spaniard, charged with fitting out the brig *Horatio* as a slave. The offence is alleged to have been committed in October, 1855. He was acquitted.

"Order reigns in Warsaw" at last—Kansas is quiet. The U. S. troops have disbanded all unlawful military bodies, and, in cases where they have re-assembled, taken their arms from them. This tranquillity is secured by the presence of the army detachment under Col. Sumner. The German celebration of the "Sangerfest" took place in this city, June 16, at Bellevue Gardens, foot of Eightieth street. The festival is precisely similar to the "Maifest" which we have recently illustrated, and therefore we do not deem it necessary to devote another engraving to the subject. It consisted of a monster pic-nic and concert, with dancing, and an immense guzzling of Lager Bier. The Germans, with their "vrows" and children assembled in large numbers—exceeding twenty thousand. Many military companies were present and a large body of Turners. Dodworth's, and

several other excellent bands were in attendance and discoursed most eloquent music. Delegations were there from far and near, and it really seemed as if all German-dom had turned out to participate in the festivities, which were conducted throughout in the most peaceable, orderly and joyous manner. The quarterly exhibition of the Horticultural Society is now open.

BRECKENRIDGE COAL.

In 1852 a sample of Breckenridge coal was brought to this city, which attracted the attention of some of our far-seeing capitalists, who immediately sent Mr. John Clowes, an English engineer and geologist, to survey the mines and report. In relation to the quality of the coal he says: "I am personally acquainted with the coals of England and America, and am free to say that this vein is superior to any I ever saw before." The report of Mr. Clowes was acted upon so far as the purchasing of the property was concerned, but before making improvements it was thought best to have corroborating evidence, and in 1853 Mr. Headly was employed to furnish a report. He confirmed all Mr. Clowes had written, and added many interesting facts. In conclusion he says: "Those who have not burned this coal cannot realize its excellence, and may think I over-estimate its worth. Let such test the coal themselves, and I am content to submit all I have said to their judgment." In 1854 a railroad was built from the mines to the Ohio river (nine miles) and in 1855 ten thousand tons were sold in New Orleans, and four thousand in this city. This coal very soon attracted the attention of scientific men, and in the summer of 1855 William H. Ellet and A. H. Everett, analytical chemists, furnished to the Breckenridge Coal Company a report of this coal for oleaginous products. We make the following extract:

"With the exception of the Boghead Cannel found in Scotland and the Albert Coal of the Province of New Brunswick, we know of nothing which can be brought into competition with it, whether as a fuel for domestic or manufacturing purposes—as a source of illuminating gas, or as a material for the production of those liquid and solid hydro-carbons which have of late years acquired so high a commercial value as substitutes for vegetable and animal oils, wax and spermaceti.

Resembling in constitution, so far as regards the amount of combustible volatile matter, the two above named coals, the Breckenridge coal possesses very decided advantages over them for most of the purposes for which they are employed. As it remains solid while burning, it forms an unobjectionable fuel—a use for which the Albert coal is entirely unsuited; and yielding as it does on destructive distillation an available coke, it becomes decidedly more valuable than either of its rivals, which are both destitute of that most desirable quality."

This result led to the erection of oil works, which are now complete and in active operation, producing Benzole, Naphtha, Lumina-tine and lubricating oils. The Benzole gas is thus spoken of by Mr. Thompson:

"Breckenridge Benzole light is the perfection of artificial lumina-tion. All the apparatus of a perfect gas works takes up less room than a six gallon keg. No fire or heat is used. The benzole is put into a vessel, air is forced in at the bottom, which, in passing through the benzole, becomes so charged with gaseous matter, that it is a burning air. A pipe is affixed to the top of the vessel, through which the benzoled air is carried to the burners in the same manner as gas. The whole machine is as simple as a Yankee clock, and as safely and easily extended. The light is superior to gas, and less expensive." It may be seen in daily operation at John Thompson's No. 2 Wall street.

A sun struck or Breckenridge-burnt poet sends us the following effusion, improvised in the Park, when his poetical faculties were tuned to "concert pitch" by gazing at its bright light:

BRECKENRIDGE COAL SONG.

And now in bulk, from out my goal,
They take me in the form of coal,
And shape me to the jewel fair—
A glossy jet beyond compare.

The invalid is all my care,
Consumption says of me, beware!
For I a balmy air create,
When burning in the household grate.

MILITARY RE-UNION.

ON Monday, the 16th of June, Capt. Thomas T. Ferris gave a banquet at his residence, No. 9 Varick place, to the New York City Guard, commanded by Nich. B. La Bau. The Guard, after parading through some of our principal streets, attracting universal attention from their splendid uniforms and thorough discipline, arrived at Capt. Ferris' residence about seven o'clock, and were received by that gallant soldier with true military hospitality. After a short time, spent in mutual exchanges of good feeling, the folding doors were opened, and the sumptuous banquet was in view. Capt. Ferris, the moment the Guard was "ready for the attack," made a Spartan speech, the closing of which included the order to "fall to," and said order was promptly obeyed. The scene at this moment was one of real splendor—the gas-light shone with brilliancy upon showy uniforms, massive mirrors, splendid tapestry, cut glass, and rich viands. After the cloth was removed, then followed toasts and speeches. Capt. Ferris, Capt. La Bau, and Chaplain Henriques and others of the Guard, created much enthusiasm by their well timed and admirable remarks. Some dozen invited guests were present, their black coats contrasting strangely with the general glow of gold lace and brilliant cloth. Among them were Major Julius T. Stagg, Mr. McMurray, President of the Light Guard; Frank Leslie, Esq.; also D. M. Henriques, Esq., of L. G. in uniform. A more elegant military re-union never took place in our city, so famous for such affairs.

FIVE STEAMBOATS BURNED AT NEW ORLEANS.—The steamboats destroyed at the Algiers landing June 10, were the *New Latona*, the *D. S. Stacy*, the *Delia*, the *Piota*, and the *Mary Bess*. The Frank Lyon and Louis Whitman escaped, and the total loss is much less than it was at first supposed to be. The fire originated on board the *New Latona*, which boat was in charge of the Sheriff, and had two keepers on board. It is supposed that the boat was purposely set on fire, but by whom it is not known. Of the boats destroyed, only the *New Latona* and the *Stacy* were in the Sheriff's hands. On the *Latona* he had no insurance, and on the *Stacy* but \$1,000. There was, however, an insurance by other parties of \$6,000 on the *Stacy*, in the Crescent Insurance Company. On the *Delia* there was an insurance of \$6,000, in the Louisiana Insurance Company. The value of the several boats destroyed is put down in round figures as follows: *D. S. Stacy* \$12,000, *New Latona* \$15,000, *Mary Bess* \$10,000, *Delia* \$16,000, and *Piota* \$12,000.

The Hospital of the Indiana Penitentiary at Jeffersonville was entirely destroyed by fire, June 16. Loss to the State, and Mr. Patterson, lessee, \$15,000 to \$20,000.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

Secretary Marcy has formally signified to the Danish Minister the purpose of the President not to make a forcible resistance to the collection of the Sound Dues, at Elsinore, for one year from the 14th of June, thus virtually bequeathing this question to the next administration. Meantime the dues will be paid under protest.

The extensive planing-mill at Gibson, Steuben county, N. J., belonging to John Gibson, of Albany, was burned down on the 6th of June. Loss about \$35,000. No insurance.

The ship Thornton, Capt. Collins, from Liverpool, arrived at this port, June 14, brought 758 Mormons, bound to the Mormon settlements (Utah), under the care of James Y. Willie, of Utah.

A ship, to be named James Buchanan, is soon to be launched from the yard at Portsmouth, N. H. The vessel which was named in honor of Franklin Pierce was recently captured as a slave on the coast of Africa.

Rev. Dr. Cheever repeated, by request, his discourse on "The Freedom of the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Press," Sunday evening, June 15, in the Tabernacle church.

It is stated that large quantities of wheat are still in the hands of the Upper Canada farmers—probably not less than five million bushels. They have not had the good sense to sell when prices were at the highest.

A preliminary injunction was, on the 12th of June, served on the proprietors of the Albany Statesman, Know Nothing, restraining that journal from publishing notices required to be published in the State paper. The Journal claims to be the State paper.

Judge McLean was born in Morris county, New Jersey, in 1785. He is, therefore, seventy-one years of age. Buchanan is sixty-seven, and Fremont is about forty-one.

The anthracite coal trade continues quite heavy—only about one thousand tons less than last week, which was a greater tonnage than ever before.

The steamships Cahawba and Black Warrior, of Messrs. Livingstons and Crocheron's line between this port, Havana, and New Orleans have been withdrawn for a short period.

By telegraph from Halifax we are informed of the total wreck of the ship Pallas, bound from Cork for Quebec, at St. Pauls. She had one hundred and twenty passengers on board, seventy-two of whom were drowned.

The town of Jacmel, Hayti, was nearly destroyed on the 21st of May, by a flood, the result of heavy rains. It is supposed that great damage was done through the interior of the country.

The New York City Guard, commanded by Captain La Bau, celebrated their twenty-third anniversary on Monday, the 16th of June. The company made an afternoon parade, after which they availed themselves of the invitation of their late Captain, T. T. Ferris, to dine with him at his residence.

It is said that George Law will be the Anti-Fillmore K. N. and Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York.

Judge McLean has written a letter to Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, taking strong republican grounds for Kansas, and urging its admission under a Free State Constitution.

The immediate friends and neighbors of P. S. Brooks have held a private meeting at Ninety-Six, S. C., near Col. Brooks' plantation, and resolved to present him a silver goblet. Nine canes, one gold and two silver goblets, and any quantity of complimentary resolutions, have been awarded to Mr. Brooks thus far for his "gallant" assault on Senator Sumner.

The testimony taken by the Kansas Congressional Committee is said clearly to prove that of the five thousand five hundred votes given at the Legislative election in March, 1855, only eleven hundred were cast by actual residents, and of these the names of but eight hundred appear in the Census report. The territory is now convulsed with civil war to sustain laws based on this election.

It is stated that Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, has purchased the magnificent mansion of Joseph L. White, Esq., on the corner of Madison Square and Fifth avenue, where he proposes permanently to reside. The price paid is \$50,000.

Mrs. Tracy Cutler and Miss E. J. Waite called a convention of the Women of Illinois to meet in Chicago, "for the purpose of organizing a State Society to turn back the tide of oppression that is now sweeping over our land, and to express proper indignation upon the movements of the border ruffians, and the attack upon Senator Sumner." The convention was largely attended, and the female politicians acted with great spirit and enthusiasm.

The Washington Organ (K. N.), says Mr. Belmont, our Minister at the Hague, pledged himself to contribute \$100,000 for the campaign if Buchanan were nominated—he, Belmont, expecting the mission to Paris, in the event of Mr. Buchanan's election. The Organ says the expenses of Rynders and his club of 250 to Cincinnati (not less than \$20,000) were paid by Mr. Belmont.

During a thunder storm, a few days ago, the lightning came down upon a pasture of Charles H. Deane of Kensington, N. H., descending perpendicularly into the earth for about thirty feet, so as to form a good well of water. The hole is as big as a barrel, and it was formed like the holes of the chipmunk, without throwing out any earth.

The steamer Magnolia, while entering the canal at Shippingport, twelve miles below Louisville, Ky., June 13, struck on the rocks and sank in deep water. The passengers were asleep at the time, but all escaped excepting one, a Mr. Phillips, of Cincinnati. The boat is a total loss. Cargo mostly saved.

The total receipts from the N. Y. City Markets last year were \$102,089 42, while the expenses for keeping them in order, were \$16,882 25, leaving a profit of \$85,207 17, being an income of less than five per cent on their estimated value—\$1,176,000. If they were private property, they would not only be better managed, but there would be a vast amount added to taxable property.

By direction, it is understood, from Washington, Mr. McKeon moved that the complaint against Mr. Stanley, Secretary to Mr. Consul Barclay, for violating the Neutrality Laws, be dismissed, which was granted, and the gentleman discharged from his recognizance. He will soon leave for Europe.

The Royal Geographical Society have presented the Royal premium for this year (a massive gold medal) to Dr. Kane, for his Arctic researches. This is the fourth time that an American has received this medal within twelve or fifteen years. The first was presented to Rev. Dr. Robinson, for his researches in Palestine; the second to Col. Fremont, for his Western explorations; the third to E. G. Squier, Esq., for his researches in Central America; and now the fourth to Dr. Kane.

The Columbia S. C. Times, democratic, says: Not only is the nomination of Mr. Buchanan a great concession to Democratic free-soilism, and, therefore, should be objectionable to the South, but his antecedents on the slavery question are such that the South cannot vote for him.

But one of the half-a-dozen German papers of Cincinnati hoists the Buchanan flag.

The K. N. California State Council has endorsed Mr. Fillmore's nomination.

Dr. Stringfellow, of Kansas, has arrived at Washington from Kansas. He says that the reports from there are exaggerated; that the Free State men, who were the principal agitators, were leaving in large numbers, and peace and quiet would soon be restored. He admits that there have been some disturbances and a few persons killed.

MUSIC.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Academy of Music—jocosely so called because it is not an academy of music, the heavy architectural and miserably interiorly constructed offspring of the misplaced wealth of our city—is in a tight place, not as to its location, but as regards its pecuniary affairs. All kinds of rumors as to the cause of its embarrassments have been floating round for some time past, but they assumed no definite shape until the present week, when it was clearly demonstrated that a heavy load of debt was hanging over the Academy, and must shortly determine its fate one way or the other. A meeting of the stockholders was called on Monday evening, June 16th, to consider the state of affairs, and two or three of the unfortunate individuals appeared at the appointed time, but although the shares number over two hundred, held at present by about one hundred persons, not more than twenty-five representatives appeared during the session. This want of interest in the affairs of the Academy is variously accounted for; some say that stock bought at \$1,000 and afterwards sold at \$200, is not worth looking after, and is certainly not worth disbursing good money to postpone for a brief period a dissolution which must ensue; others say that the stockholders are mostly absent at their country seats, or in Europe, or—somewhere else. Whatever may be the cause, certain it is that the attendance was scanty and the business done in proportion, resulting only in a committee to inquire into the affairs of the stock, although the original intention was to call for \$125 per share, to meet the interest of the debt. The meeting was private, so that what transpired beyond what we have stated, cannot be ascertained. The public is naturally curious to know how this debt accrued. It was generally understood that the stock was all paid up and the building free from liability, but this intended call for \$25,000 to pay up interest, &c., is in direct opposition to this belief. That there is a heavy and pressing load of debt hanging over the Academy, is generally admitted, but in the absence of all information upon the subject, it would be idle to guess; how it was incurred. It might be that a certain number of the stockholders undertook the management as a committee for the whole, and having, through total ignorance of the business, aided and abetted in every stupid move, by the blundering obstinacy and absurdly overrated ability of the Chevalier Wyckoff—having succeeded by these means in losing a large sum of money, such loss may be credited to the concern, for some one must pay the piper when amateurs will dance professionally. If such were the case, the early but heavy

losses of the concern apportioned equally to each share, would not prove so very burdensome, considering the extraordinary privileges secured to the holders of stock in the nightly transfer or nightly sale of their admissions and seats, by private sale, or at hotels or bar-rooms, besides the dividend from the rent. These considerations, duly weighed, should induce the stockholders to pay up and clear the concern.

Mr. W. H. Paine holds the lease of the building until October next, but it is stated that if he will pay the arrears up to July, the Directors will resume the lease and relieve him from further responsibility, from that date. The advertisement for an enterprising lessee is still continued, but in the present position of affairs we doubt very much if any one could be found sufficiently reckless or insane to undertake the enterprise while such a taint of rottenness clings to everything around.

The failure of the Academy of Music is attributable solely to those who are now the losers—the stockholders. The affair was undoubtedly commenced in a liberal and enlightened spirit, but that died with its inception, and the details were carried out in a miserable money making, dollar and cent spirit, which, while it was discreditable to all concerned, frustrated the mercenary intention and rendered failure certain at the onset. We will pass over that exclusive and aristocratic system, so distasteful to the American public, which secures to the privileged few permanently the best and consequently the most prominent seats of the house, for that has been everywhere commented upon and condemned. Even this system would not be so offensive if the privilege was paid for in proportion to its advantages; but when we remember that the holders of these seats receive, or are supposed to receive, and would under other circumstances receive, legal interest in the shape of rents for their investments, we can find no possible reason or just excuse why two hundred people should retain the best seats every night in the year, and every year, free of all charge, and with the privilege of selling the same for their own benefit, to the utter ruin of the manager, and in violation of that spirit of fair competition, which is the right of every American citizen. The seats thus retained are just those which the public would most gladly compete for and which the manager could most readily dispose of, consequently each night is ushered in with an almost certain deduction of three hundred dollars from the probable receipts, for the present holders, who are now free-holders, would, if that privilege did not exist, if only for fashion's sake, be paying visitors instead of what is professionally called—"dead heads;" the treasury would be consequently so many hundreds of dollars the richer, the rent would be paid, the dividend received and the public accommodated according to their means and wishes. One thing is certain: if half the money that has been fooled away in amateur experiments at management had been devoted to the support of a capable manager in time of need, the Academy of music, at present the most aristocratic failure of the day, would be now, in spite of every "privilege" and draw-back, the most prosperous operatic establishment on the Continent of America. Loth as we should be to desire injury to any one, we cannot but hope that the difficulties which surround the Academy of Music may be resolved by a sale of the property, and result in the total abolishment of the fashionable "dead head" system, which is the rock on which its prosperity was hopelessly wrecked in the past, and which looms out fearfully and fatally in the future.

MADAME DE LAGRANGE'S CONCERT D'ADIEU.—Madame LaGrange, assisted by L. Moreau Gottschalk, attracted to her farewell concert an audience brilliant in every respect, and crowded to overflowing. The two artists were applauded to the echo, and their efforts to fascinate and delight were never more successful. Encore followed encore, and notwithstanding the heat of the room, the visitors seemed loth to part from their favorites, and certainly taxed both their physique and their good temper by frequent demands for the repetition of the pieces on the programme. LaGrange and Gottschalk have certainly proved the great triumphs of the past musical season; they have reaped a bountiful harvest of honor and profit, and we do not doubt that through their Western and Canadian tour they will meet with a continuance of a successful career so auspiciously begun.

GERMAN PICNIC AND CONCERT.—The Grand Annual Festival of the New York Sangerbund took place on Monday, June 16th, at the Bellevue Gardens, foot of Eighty-first street. The singers and the invited companies assembled at Mechanics' Hall in Hester street at seven A. M., and, forming a line, marched through Bond street, down Broadway to the Park, up Chatham and Bowery, and so to the Grand street Ferry, where they took steamers for Bellevue Gardens. At half-past one, a grand vocal and instrumental concert commenced, under the direction of Carl Bergmann. The following was the programme:—Overture—Alessandro Stradella, Flotow; Jagerslust—Grand Chorus, Asthols; Pilgrims Chorus—From "Tannhauser," with orchestra, R. Wagner; Rheinweilend—Grand Chorus, F. Mendelssohn; Fackeltanz—Orchestra, Meyerbeer; Banquet Song—Grand Chorus, with orchestra, Stuns; Schottischer Bardenang—Grand Chorus, Silcher; Freileiendmarsch—Grand Chorus, with orchestra, Stuns. Next the 21 different Choral Societies, and the five bands of music, did all in their power to amuse their guests and visitors by executing selections from the most popular and classical composers.

The Garden was thronged all day. The ruling spirits were music, lager beer, fun and good humor. A happier, merrier, more musical or more pacesible body of free citizens never breathed the fresh air of heaven. It would be well for the health and happiness of our people if the popular heart could be touched by this spirit of whole-souled but reasonable enjoyment. But of this more anon.

Mr. William Mason performed at a concert, at Rochester, on Thursday, June 19. It is said that his services have been secured by Miss Adelaide Phillips for a tour through the western country.

THE LAURA KEENE SCHOTTLICH.—We have just received the graceful and pretty schottisch composed by Thomas Baker and dedicated to the fair lady whose name it bears. It is got out in excellent style by Firth, Pond & Co., 647 Broadway, with an admirable lithograph of the talented and enterprising Laura Keene. This schottisch is performed every night by the orchestra at the Varieties, and is received with much approbation. On the occasion of Laura Keene's benefit, which comes off this evening, June 21, a copy of the Laura Keene Schottlich will be presented gratuitously to every lady present among the audience. It will prove a most acceptable present, and a pleasant souvenir of the occasion.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, THE COMPOSER.—This eminent composer and popular gentleman is daily expected to arrive here from Europe. He has been absent nearly nine months, and during that period in addition to the labors of composition, the results of which have been given to the musical world, he has made positive arrangements for the production in England and on the continent of his several manuscript operas. His return to his adopted country will be hailed not only by his estimable family and friends, but by the public to whose intellectual amusement and instruction he has contributed so much.

THE DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. Rufus Blake has appeared this week in some of his favorite characters. On Monday he appeared in "The Last Man," and on Thursday as "Lord Duberry" in the well known comedy of "The Heir at Law." His masterly acting and his wide-spread popularity always ensure the most intelligent audiences and the respectful and admiring attention of the critical and refined among our play-goers. We must again record our unqualified approbation of his delineation of the several characters which we have had the pleasure to see him represent. The farces are well performed. Mr. Chapman literally brings down the house by his drolleries and broad grimaces. The splendid spectacle of the "Sea of Ice" has been revived to good houses, and Madame Ponisi and Mr. Fisher sustain the principal characters with much ability.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The romantic spectacle or pantomime, "Pongo, the Intelligent Ape," has attracted a crowded and excited audience each night of its performance. The acting of Marzetti as the "Intelligent Ape," in its singular fidelity to nature, restless activity and characteristic eccentricities, is really a wonderful performance, and should be witnessed generally. It is beyond a doubt one of the most interesting exhibitions of the season, and raises to the highest point the already wide spread reputation of Mr. Marzetti. In consequence of the extraordinary physical exertion required to sustain this character, Mr. Marzetti is compelled to rest now and then from his labors, consequently last night he did not appear, and this evening, June 21, he will not perform, but the entertainments will embrace the usual brilliant and attractive features, viz: Mme. Roberts and her ballet troupe, the Ravel and Marzetti families, and Young Hengler, the wonderful tight rope dancer, and will fully repay a visit to the popular Niblo's Garden.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.—This establishment closes for dramatic purposes this evening, the performance being for the benefit of Miss Laura Keene, tendered to her by the good will and best wishes of her entire company, orchestra and employees engaged in her theatre. The performance from which this benefit sprung up is highly creditable to both parties, to the recipient no less than to the donors, and proves that the best and kindest feelings exist between the fair and popular directress and those engaged by her. It is an evidence that their mutual obligations have been faithfully fulfilled. All that remains now to render the benefit a great success every way is for the public to come forward, and as an evidence of good will to an enterprise which has offered such an unprecedented amount of varied entertainment, crowd the Varieties to its utmost capacity. Laura Keene has thousands of hearty and influential friends in New York, and we urge them to bear in mind that this evening they can prove their friendship and gratify their kindly feelings towards an artist and a lady, in both capacities so well worthy of those feelings, by being present at the Varieties this evening, and by using all their friends to go likewise. That is the way to show friendship to an artist, and we want to see the principle carried out to its fullest extent this evening. The comedy performed will be Sheridan's "School for Scandal." The cast, it will be seen, comprises the whole strength of the company, and as the greater portion stands high in popular favor, the piece would draw independent of the occasion. Remember the grand complimentary benefit to Laura Keene comes off to-night, Saturday, June 21st.

A new piece called "Clarissa Harlowe" was produced here on Monday, and was played every evening. Laura Keene acted superbly, but the piece is abominable every way—first act, an abduction under false pretences; second act, a "drugging" party; third act, miserable death of the pure and innocent, and maudlin regrets of successful vice. We had the night-mare after seeing it.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL.—The admirable performance of Keller's talented troupe attract nightly the elite of the talent and intelligence of the city. Mr. Keller's acting in the "Tableaux of Cain and Famine," is alone worth the price of the admission, and stamps him as one of the greatest of living pantomimists. Keller is fighting one of our "dallies" with great vigor, accusing the writer with striving to make political capital out of the abuse of his religious tabernacles. It is more than probable that the writer really does need political

capital, and is hardly to be blamed for attempting to "raise the wind," as Keller had better let the writer exhaust himself. Besides the abuse will rather benefit the Keller Tabernacles than otherwise, and the attendance at the Hall is the best answer to the objections urged by the writer. Public notoriety is the aim of every place of entertainment, and if any writer insists upon aiding in the design gratuitously, he ought to be encouraged, for such Quixotic generosity is rare.

WOOD AND MARSH'S BROADWAY VARIETIES.—An entire change of performances was presented at this popular and successful place of amusement during the past week. The humorous and the sparkling have given way to the melo-dramatic and the moral. The "Six Degrees of Crime," has banished "Poor Filly-coldy," and we do not consider the change for the better. Such pieces as the "Six Degrees of Crime" appeal to the morbid passions and prejudices of the people, and are unfit subjects to entrust in the care of children. However admirable the acting, the subject is unsuited to the place and to the actors. There is an inexhaustible fund of appropriate pieces from which to select, but we can not understand the policy that dictated such a preposterous selection.

NEW OPERATIC AND THEATRICAL ENTERPRISES.

THE magnificent Felicitas Vestrali has leased Laura Keene's Varieties and commences an operatic season on Monday, June 23d. Her principal artists will be of high character, her chorus and orchestra numerous and effective, and she herself will appear and prove the leading star of attraction. We recommend her enterprise to the patronage of the public.

Mr. W. M. Fleming, so well known to the American public, opens Burton's Theatre for a summer-season, on Monday next, June 23d. He promises a good stock company.

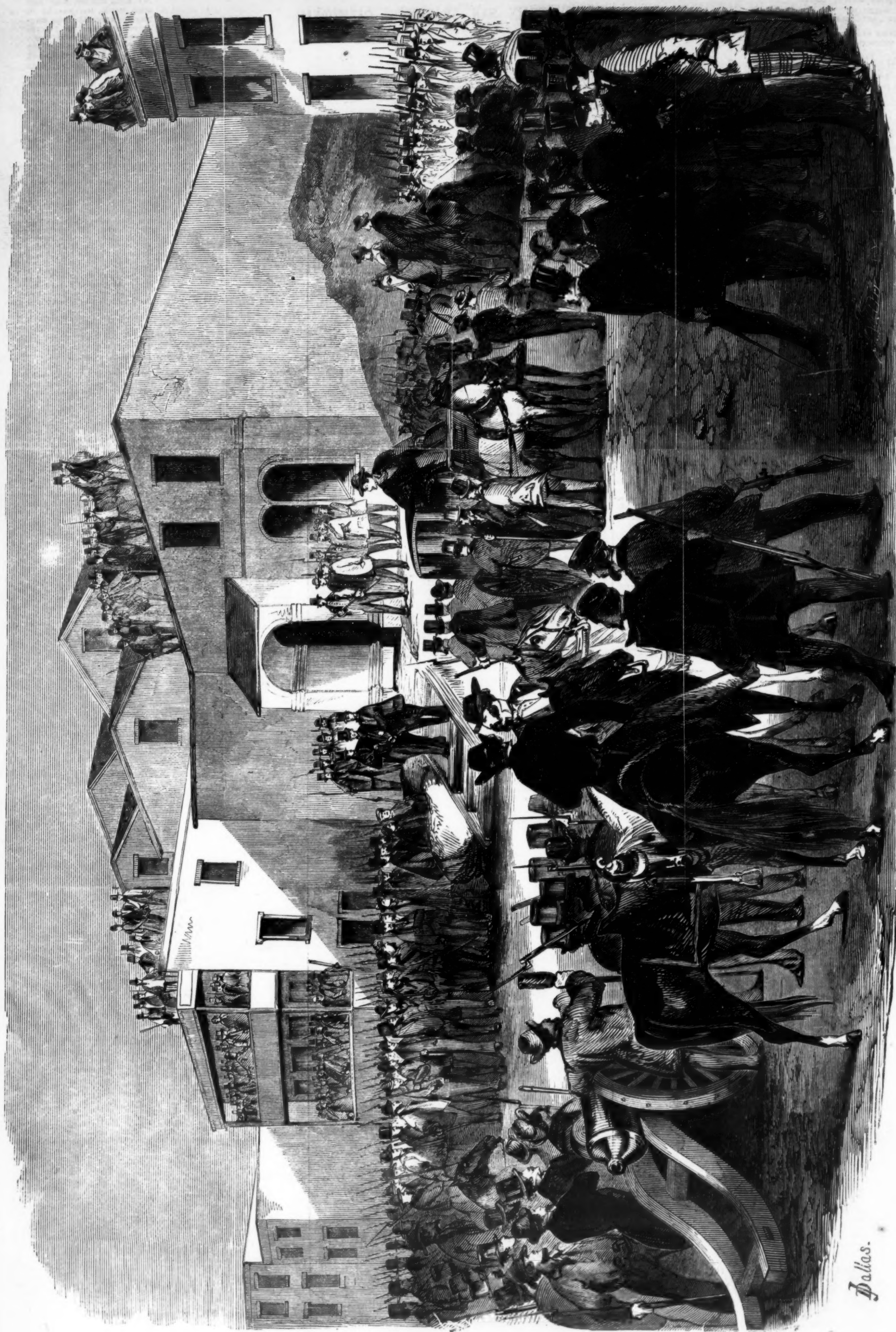
JOHN BROUGHAM, the actor, dramatist, poet, novelist, &c., &c., has taken the Bowery Theatre and will open it for the Summer on Monday, June 30th. He is gathering together a fine company and has, in our opinion, the best chance for making a fortune that has been offered in the theatrical world for some time. John Brougham has taken Wallack's Theatre, and calling it "The Summer Garden," will open it on Monday, June 30th. The talented Agnes Robertson will play the leading business, and with Don Bouricault, a compact and capital company, and an excellent orchestra, under the direction of Robert Stoppel, the attractions will be complete and sufficient.

Mr. BERKE has taken Niblo's and will give a brilliant series of operas in the German language, early in September. The company will be all new, some of the principal artists being now on their way from Germany.

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

BURTON'S Theatre will be reopened next Monday by Mr. W. H. Fleming, late of Boston. OPERA IN TOLEDO, Ohio.—The Toledo German Opera Society, formed by the Philo-dramatic Association, Musical Society and Glee Club of that city, give on last Monday evening, at Stickney Hall, the initial of a series of operatic entertainments which they propose to favor their citizens with during the summer. The piece produced on Monday evening, as we have before advised our readers, is Carl Maria von Weber's much admired operatic drama in four acts of "Preciosa, or the Gipsy Girl." Mr. SALVATOR URSO, father of Camille Urso, the violinist, obtained a verdict for \$400 damages, in the Court of Common Pleas, in this city, on Monday last, against John A. Pinteaux. They quarreled about musical matters, and Pinteaux "wallowed" Mr. Urso. Hence the suit and the verdict. THE PHILADELPHIANS say that their Academy of Music will be the finest structure devoted to refined amusement in the world, as the managers have availed themselves of all the latest improvements and inventions, and drawn largely from the past experience of the most celebrated opera-houses and theatres. Mr. FRAZER, the admired tenor, formerly attached to the Seguin English opera troupe, gave one of his pleasing ballad entertainments at the church corner of Clinton and Gates avenues, Brooklyn, last week.

Ms. COLLINS, the Irish comedian and vocalist, appears to have made a great hit in Toronto. THE ALBIONIAN, at the request of many citizens of Easton, Pa., gave a concert in that place last week. Mr. S. W. GLORY commenced an engagement in Albany, on Monday last. The theatre there is now under the management of Mr. LOSEE. MADRE LA GRANGE and Gottschalk have started on a musical tour, commencing at Troy on Wednesday evening. They proceed thence to Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Geneva, Buffalo, Watertown, Oswego, then to Hamilton, Montreal, Quebec, &c. A CHARITABLE MUSICAL SOIRÉE was given at the residence of Madame Coutant in Fifth avenue, a few evenings since, for the benefit of a band of singers, known as the *Montagnards Bernais*, who gave some concerts at the Tabernacle, a short time since, but were reduced to a state of utter destitution. Madame LaGrange and several artists volunteered their services, and during the evening Madame LaGrange took round the plate, and collected a large sum. Mrs. DAVENPORT returns to the United States in August. At the last accounts she had quitted Paris for a long tour in the North of Italy, Switzerland and Germany, for recreation and instruction. Mr. WALLACE has gone to rusticate at Long Island Branch, but during the Summer, play an engagement at Buffalo and Montreal. It is the mission of Countess, says the *Daily Times*, to marry prime donors; at least all the prime donors who have visited her have had Countess for husbands. Miss Eliza Ostencill, of Boston, married a Count as soon as she became a prima donna; and it is reported that Miss Hensler, also of Boston, is engaged to a Milanese nobleman, a Count of course. The London papers, in announcing the engagement of Signora Albani, speak of her as "now Countess of Popoli." The Count Popoli accompanied Albani to this country. Signor Mario and Ronconi, Mme. Bosio and Nantier Didice, the principal performers at the London Royal Italian Opera House (formerly the Lyceum), have also added to their fame by the rendition of "Rigoletto." Forty-eight distinguished artists, among them Messadmes Novello and Garcia, lately performed at a concert given in London by Mr. Bodda. Mr. Balfé was, at last advice, conducting a series of English operatic performances at the Fiddler's Wells Theatre. The opening piece (on the 18th) was the "Bohemian Girl," Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves in the chief parts. The Gipsy Queen of Miss Poole is characterized by the London *Post* as one of the great successes of the evening. An English opera troupe, under the direction of Mlle. Nan and Mr. St. Albans, has been performing in Sheffield. Henry Phillips, the renowned singer and composer, was giving concerts with moderate success in the provinces. It is reported that Lucy Eecot and other popular English vocalists, will visit this country in the fall, with Henry Drayton, the American tenor. It is also rumored that Joanna Wagner will come over so soon as her engagement with Mr. Lumley expires. A ROW IN AN ENGLISH THEATRE.—A company of amateur theatricals, it is said, from Sunderland, announced last week, by placards and bills, that our theatre would be open for the Whitsuntide holidays, under the management of Mr. A. Reeves; and on Monday night, in accordance with the announcement, the house was well filled. The performance was to commence with Sheridan Knowles' play of "The Wife," supported by the first talent of the day; but shortly after the commencement of the piece it was evident that, in whatever direction the talent of the company might be, it was certainly not in acting, for few if any of them appeared to have mastered their parts, and the majority fairly broke down. The audience began to be noisy, and this increased till a regular "row" ensued; and then one of the company stepped to the footlights, and, in order to appease the wrath of the "pods," offered some apology, urging, in extenuation of their conduct, the short time they had been allowed for rehearsal. This, however, would not suffice, and the indignant pit and boxes rushed on to the stage, driving the unfortunate Leonardo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua—the hero of the play—and the rest of the noblemen and counts behind the scenes. The police were at this juncture called in, and endeavored to clear the stage, but without effect, and in the darkness (for nearly all the lights had been by this time extinguished), numerous fights and scuffles occurred, causing a scene of indescribable confusion. To cap the climax, the cashier "boiled" in the middle of the performance with the whole of the proceeds, leaving the unfortunate manager to the tender mercies of some infuriated creditors, who took possession of the whole of the wardrobe, &c., which is entirely new.—*Durham Advertiser*, May 18. CHARLES MOORE, son of the great composer, and now an old man, lives at Milan in great destitution. The Theatre Francaise has given the "Cid," for the debut of Lafontaine, late of the Gymnase. This first attempt in classical tragedy has proved the reverse of successful. The Gymnase produced "Les Fanfarons du Vieux," a piece of most improbable plot and indifferent execution. The Bouffes Parisiens have dug out of the library of Vienna an operette of Mozart, to which MM. Leon Battu and Ludovic Halevy have arranged a charming little poem. It has obtained success. Mr. Carlo Jacopi, an American tenor, who has been studying for some years in Italy, is engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Miss Makenah, who married Mr. George Vandenhoff, has made a great sensation in Dublin, where her engagement has been renewed three times. Willis' play of "Tortoise" has been produced there with complete success. It is adapted by Mr. Vandenhoff. OPERA IN FRANCE.—IMPERIAL PERSONAL FUND FOR ARTISTS.—The following provisions will be made with interest. The pension fund will be formed from a stoppage of 5 per cent on all salaries not exceeding 40,000fr. a year; of the produce of all fines for breach of discipline, &c.; of the amount of all judicial condemnations given in favor of the theatre; of the produce of two representations to be given annually at the Opera; of an annual grant of 20,000fr. from the Civil List; and of donations and legacies bequeathed to the fund. The singers, dancers, and personnel of the ballets are to have a right to their pension after twenty years' service; the chief of the orchestra, ballet master, chefs du chani, and chief machinist, after twenty years, and at 60 years of age; professors, accompanists, musicians, chorus singers and machinists, after twenty-five years and 60 years of age; and all others after thirty years and 60 years of age. The services of the singers, chiefs of orchestras, professors, musicians and chorus singers, will be reckoned from the age of 18; for dancers, from 16; and for others from the age of 20. The retiring pension will be calculated at the rate of the sixtieth part of the average salary of each year's service, but cannot exceed the following rates:—For average salaries of 6,000fr. and under, 2,800fr. pension; from 6,000fr. to 8,000fr., 2,700fr.; 8,000fr. to 10,000fr., 2,900fr.; 10,000fr. to 12,000fr., 3,100fr.; 12,000fr. to 15,000fr., 3,300fr.; 15,000fr. to 18,000fr., 3,500fr.; 18,000fr. to 20,000fr., 3,800fr.; 20,000fr. to 24,000fr., 4,000fr.; 24,000fr. to 28,000fr., 4,300 fr.; 28,000fr. to 32,000fr., 4,500fr.; 32,000fr. to 36,000fr., 4,800 fr.; and 36,000fr. to 40,000fr., 5,000fr. Services performed in the Imperial lyrical theatres will reckon with those rendered at the opera in establishing a claim to retiring pensions, but the services at the opera must have attained two-thirds of the whole time of service required for establishing the claim. Any artist, employé, or agent wounded or injured in the service of the opera, and rendered thereby unfit for further duty, has an immediate right to the pension. Widows of artists who have obtained pensions will continue to receive them, provided the marriage shall have taken place five years before the cessation of the services of the husband, and also widows of artists or employés who lose their lives in the service of the theatre. Orphans of artists will also receive allowances until the age of 18.



GREAT EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO—FRONT OF THE JAIL—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE TAKING POSSESSION OF CORA AND CASEY.

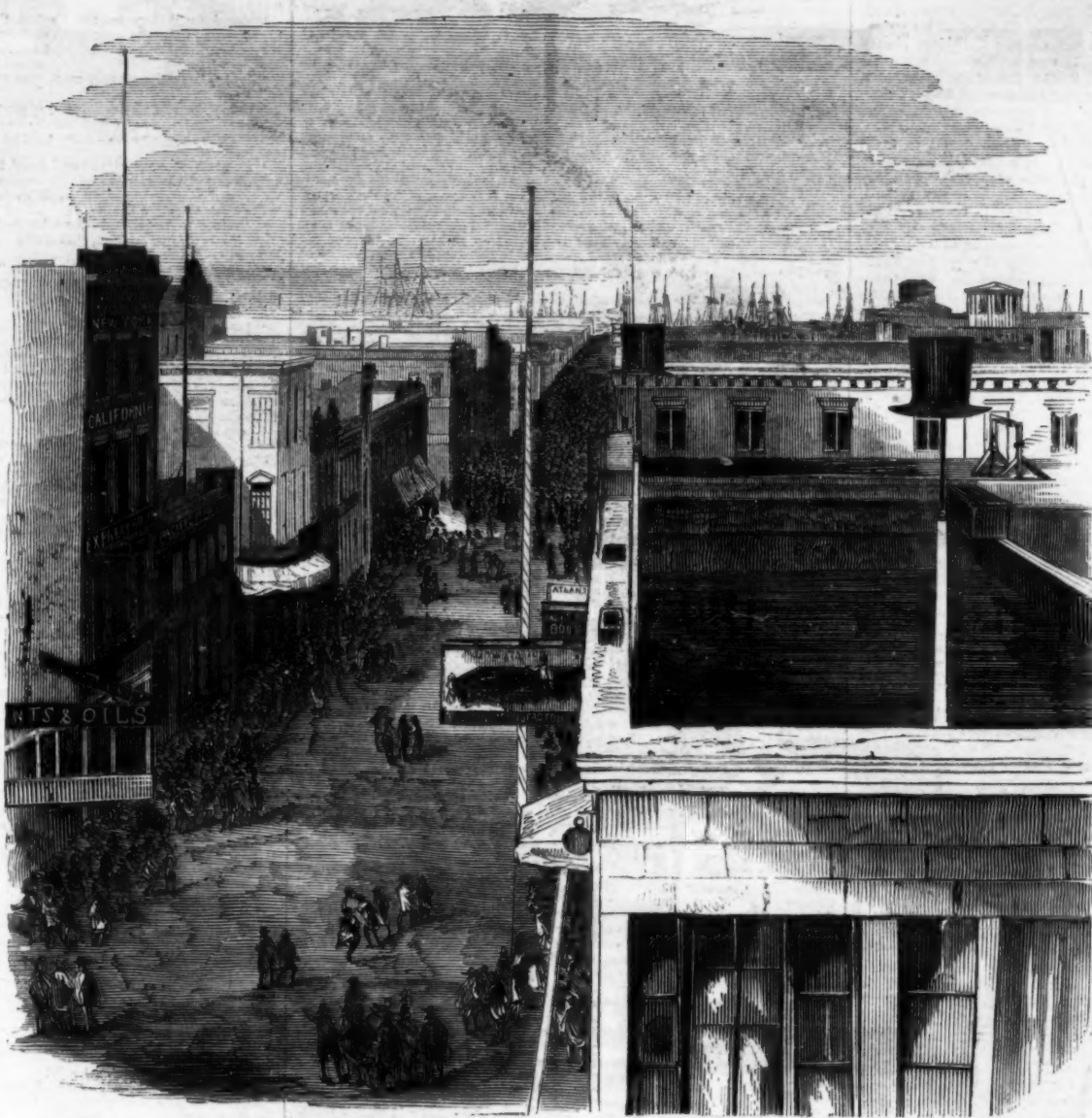
Dallies.

ASSASSINATION OF JAMES KING, OF

WILLIAM,
IN FRONT OF PACIFIC EX-
PRESS OFFICE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

In the San Francisco Bulletin of May 14th, of which the deceased was chief editor, appeared an article reflecting upon certain local officials, and particularly a man named Bayley, who had been engaged in a fight with one James Casey, that was not of the most manly character. In the course of this article, which was temperately written, and evinced neither malice nor indiscretion, the writer referred to the fact that Casey had served out his time in Sing Sing prison. Immediately after the publication hour of the Bulletin, Casey made his appearance in the editorial room, where he found Mr. King seated alone. There were, however, in an adjoining room two persons who were witnesses of all that transpired. Casey, it was quite evident, was laboring under great excitement. He asked King what he meant by the article in the Bulletin just issued. King asked him what article he had reference to; when Casey replied, "To that which says I was a former inmate of Sing Sing Prison." King answered, "Is not that true?" Casey replied, "That is not the question. I don't wish my past acts raked up; on that point I am sensitive." King then said, "Are you done? There's the door—go! never show your face here again." Casey immediately moved off, and when at the door, which was open, he said, "I'll say in my paper what I please." King replied, "You have a perfect right to do as you please. I'll never notice your paper." Casey, slapping his hand on his breast, then said, "If necessary, I shall defend myself." King here rose from his seat and said, "Go! never show your face here again." Casey immediately went down stairs without saying another word. Five o'clock was the customary dinner hour of Mr. King, and accordingly, at that time, he quitted his office, walking in front of Montgomery Block, going northward. At the Bank Exchange, he crossed the street diagonally towards the Pacific Express Office. Casey, who had been previously observed walking on the west side of Montgomery street, opposite Montgomery Block, as if watching for King's appearance, was at this time on the pavement before the Pacific Express Office. He was observed to step into the street as King

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



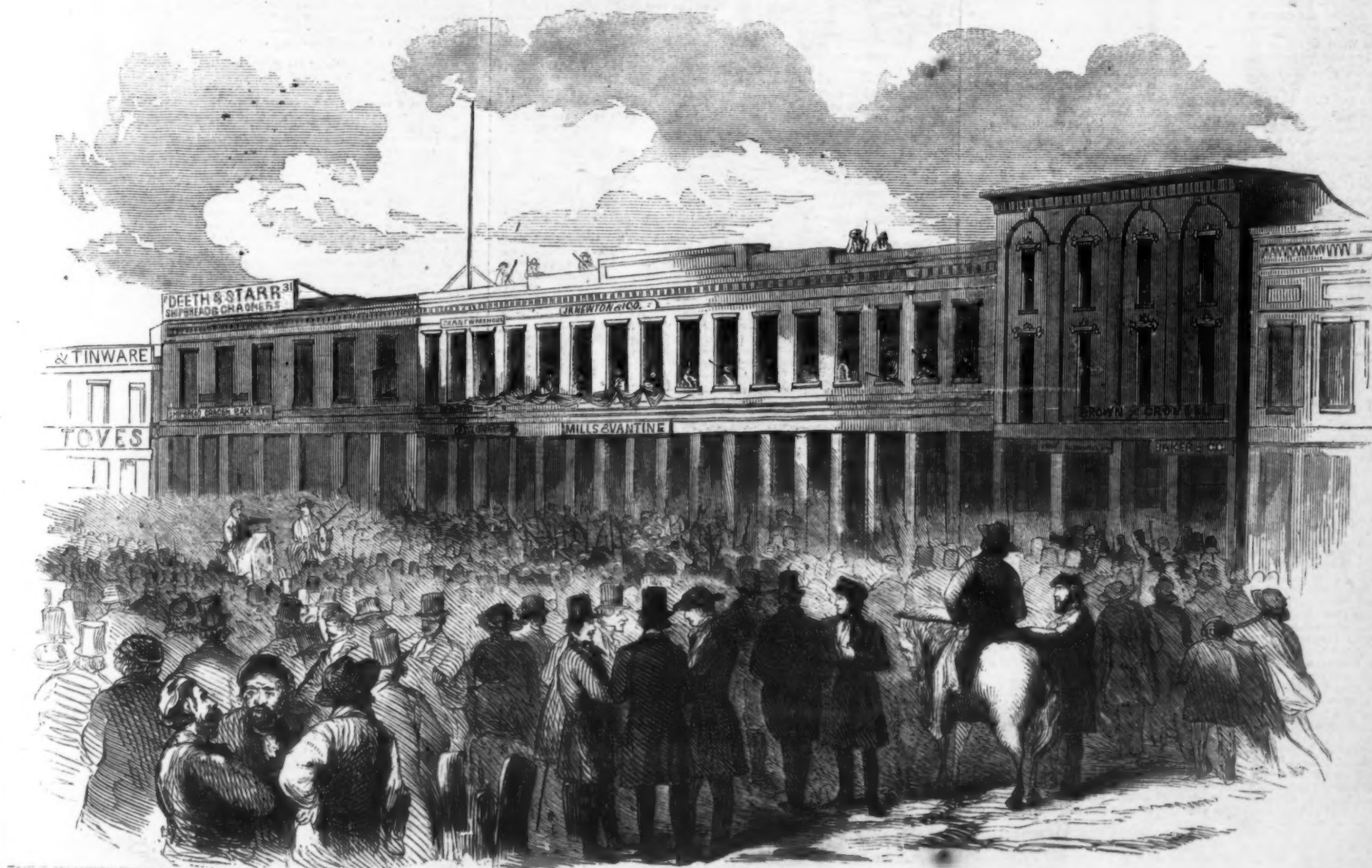
VIEW DOWN SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE EXCITEMENT IN THE STREET. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY R. H. VANCE.

him to defend himself; but Mr. King did not hear any such words, nor was he in any way apprised of the murderer's intention until he received the bullet in his body. He then staggered into the Pacific Express Office, and was handed a chair. Soon after a bed was procured, and the best medical skill obtained for him. The ball entered the left breast, just above the nipple, and came out under the shoulder-blade. The pistol was a navy revolver, and carried a large ball. The wound bled profusely, and was very painful. In a short time Mr. King's extremities became cold, but by constant rubbing, application of hot water in bottles, and mustard plasters, a moderate degree of warmth was restored. After having the wound bandaged, his medical attendants administered the proper medicines, after which he enjoyed several hours' sleep. For three days the condition of the wounded man was satisfactory to his physicians, and hopes were confidently entertained of his recovery; but during the evening of Monday the 19th, his symptoms became suddenly unfavorable, and on the following morning he breathed his last. The agony of his wife, when the sad event became known, beggars description. Throughout all these trying moments she never left his side, but was constantly hovering over him, anticipating each wish before it was uttered, and devotedly sacrificing every feeling of fatigue and sorrow in her efforts to alleviate his sufferings. The desolate and mournful household, with its pale widow and orphaned children, is perhaps the saddest phase of this terrible event.

FRONT OF THE JAIL—THE "VIGILANCE COMMITTEE" TAKE POSSESSION OF CORA AND CASEY

The moment James Casey discharged his pistol—the muzzle of which was in close contact with Mr. King's heart—he sprang into the midst of a group of his friends, who made their appearance at the moment, and was by them hurried to the Station-house, with the intention of avoiding the people who were rapidly assembling around the scene of the homicide. During the evening, as the details of the event became more generally known and commented upon, the most intense excitement

prevailed throughout the streets of the city. The crowd of human beings before the jail prevented a passage through the street. There was much feeling manifested, but no attempt on the part of the people was made to take the law into their own hands. There



ARRIVAL OF CASEY AND CORA AT THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ROOMS, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

had been no organization, and no one was present to assume the responsibility of a leader. The people were ready and willing to act, and only needed a determined master-spirit to lead them. The crowd remained in the neighborhood of the jail until a late hour, and then quietly dispersed. The troops at the jail were Major Rowell's Mounted Battalion, consisting of the California Guards, under Lieut. Curtis, the First Light Dragoons, under Capt. Reed, and the National Lancers, under Capt. Hays. They were on guard during the night. On the subsequent morning, a call was issued for the old Vigilance Committee of '51, and before night, it was firmly re-organized. Hundreds rushed to the rooms the moment it was known that the lists were ready for signature—and in less than thirty-six hours, three thousand men had enrolled and pledged themselves to act under the directions of the Executive Committee. The work of arming was completed, and they were ordered to meet on Sunday morning. They did meet at the appointed time, and in silence fell into position, and took up the line of march upon the jail. The silence with which their movements were accomplished, was absolutely oppressive. Not a word was spoken in conversation; every man appeared to be actuated by feelings too strong for language, and which required expression in strong and decisive action. As their point of destination was understood by the people, there was a general rush for the heights overlooking the jail. But there was no noise; no confusion; not a sound except the monotonous tramp of three thousand men, in whose faces one might read a desperate and unflinching determination. It was quite evident to the spectators that resistance to such a body of men would be madness on the part of the Sheriff and his guards, consisting almost entirely of "shoulder strikers," who were trembling in their shoes, for no man among them knew at what moment his time would come, if it had not already. They had blustered, and jeered the crowd that gathered about the jail when James Casey was taken to it, taunting them, and urging them to try. They called out, "why don't you take it?" on the roof of the jail, after the troops had surrounded it. Noticeable among these was Charles P. Duane, more commonly known in that city as "Dutch Charley;" when the Committee gave the order to those on the roof to vacate, he had the impudence to approach the ranks and offer his services—the only reply to which was, "leave, Sir!" and as he passed through, for once his impudence forsook him, and his face blanched to an ashy paleness. During the whole proceedings, not a sound was heard, except when Casey was passed to the carriage. A cheer rose from the spectators, but a wave of the hand from one of the Executive Committee silenced the multitude, and from that moment not a voice was raised, not a sound heard. The same good order and stillness prevailed when Cora was taken from the jail an hour or two later. So solemn a procession never before moved through the streets of San Francisco as that escorting Charles Cora to the Committee rooms. In front, on each side and in rear of the carriage, five hundred bayonets glistened in the sun, and the death-like stillness was broken only now and then.

As the procession passed a carriage, a woman lowered the door, and sprang into the midst of the line, uttering a succession of piercing screams, and vainly attempting to reach the carriage containing the prisoners. She struggled with the Committee, and threw herself amongst them with a degree of frenzied energy which amounted almost to insanity. In her delirium she raved impetuously about her lover, and it required considerable force to restrain her from approaching him. This was Bell Cora, the gambler's mistress, who, with a woman's devotion, had clung to him during his trial and imprisonment, and had spent thousands in her efforts to procure his release. Her agony touched the heart of every beholder with compassion, and she was restrained with all the gentleness a froward child would have been, and thus returned to her carriage. During this time, Cora's face was thrust through the window of the vehicle, and it was observed that his eyes were fixed and staring, and that a ghastly pallor overspread his countenance; in reality, he looked like one upon whom the shadow of death had fallen. And as the solemn cortege resumed its march, the wild, unearthly echoes of that agonized woman's screams were heard high above all other sounds, and invested the scene with an additional and terrible degree of interest.

There is a scattering among the gamblers and thieves who have so long infested the metropolis of California, and it is quite evident that they are in a body convinced that San Francisco is no longer a healthy place for them. One of their number, Ned McGowan, boasted the other evening that there was not a man in the place that dared serve a notice on him to leave, and that he was "good for about twelve of them." The next morning he left town in a hurry, and has not been there since. It is said that the Committee have a long list of the same style of gentlemen who will be invited to leave the place forthwith—it is also rumored that Casey has avowed a determination to give the names of his confederates. The gambling houses have been closed, not a shutter has been opened for two days, and but few of the fraternity are seen in the streets. It is, indeed, a reign of terror to the vicious and unprincipled gangs who have for so long a time found on the Pacific shores a refuge from that justice which they had transgressed in their native cities. There are a great many rumors in circulation in regard to the trial of Casey, supposed to be going on at the Committee rooms when the steamer left. It is very generally understood that he has made some awful disclosures which implicate people holding high offices, and men who have heretofore carried their heads very high. Certain it is that a goodly number of persons took their departure by the last steamer that had no idea of leaving one week ago, and several left by invitation of the "Vigilance Committee," who intimated to them that their society was not agreeable thereabouts; there are plenty more who will receive similar intimations, and we hardly expect hereafter to hear of Yankee Sullivan, Dutch Charley, Ned McGowan, Bill Lewis, and that stripe of gentry standing around the steps of the hotels, with their hats on three hairs, pulling cigar smoke in the faces of passers by, as has been the case, hob-nobbing with city office-holders and judges of the courts.

It seems to be generally understood that nothing would be done with Cora and Casey until after the funeral of Mr. King, which was to take place on the 22nd, the preparations for which are on a very grand scale. It will, probably, be the most imposing procession ever seen in California, and not exceeded, perhaps, by the Henry Clay funeral in New York.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I never spoke the word farewell;
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heartick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

GREAT was the excitement occasioned in the village by the savage and unprovoked murder of Reuben Greyling; the young men of the place felt particularly indignant at a crime which robbed them of a companion whom they all loved, and deeply sympathized with the bereaved brothers. Daylight had scarcely dawned before they formed themselves into different parties to scour the woods of Crow-shall. The persons of the keepers were well known to most of them, but not one could recognize Dick's description, and the name which the ruffian had given was equally unknown. As may be imagined, the search proved an unsuccessful one.

The only clue obtained was from the driver of the Newark coach, who stated that two days since he had driven just such a man as our hero had met. The fellow had ridden on the box with him, and asked a great number of questions respecting the locality of the place. He had no doubt but it was the assassin. At the inquest a verdict of wilful murder was returned against some person or persons unknown.

These painful circumstances delayed the visit to the rectory till Tuesday morning, when Dick, accompanied by Nicholas and Patience, whose presence he considered necessary to establish his identity to the satisfaction of Dr. Gore, waited upon the worthy clergyman, whom he found still suffering and debilitated.

Believing that he was really the son of George Chason, the rector unhesitatingly placed in his hand the letter entrusted to him by his supposed father, and a cheque for the money left in his hands.

"May your voyage prove a prosperous one," said the old gentleman. "There are many reasons, should your father ever return to England, why I wish to see him. Should I be dead," he added, "as is most probable, you will refer him to Mr. Elton, a lawyer in the Temple."

"Right willingly, sir," replied our hero; "but I trust that you have years of life and usefulness to spend ere that sad day arrives."

The rector smiled, and thanked him for his wish; then, with a feeble hand, wrote the name and address of Mr. Elton.

Dick's impatience to ascertain the contents of the letter which had for so many years been waiting his arrival, induced him to break the seal the instant he quitted the rectory. It ran thus:—"My dear boy,—I am ignorant at what period of your life this letter may reach you; but when it does, let me entreat you, as you value your future prospects and would not neglect the great and

important duties you are called upon to fulfil, to employ the funds I have placed at your disposal by seeking me in Australia immediately. Martha is with me; and if it is not a very splendid home we have to offer, it is at least a very happy and contented one; although in all probability your residence with us will only prove a temporary one. I have much that concerns yourself to relate to you, but dare not confide it to a letter for fear of its falling into other hands. Once more, delay not, but come immediately; my residence is Hope Farm, Gordon's settlement, near Melbourne. Yours, affectionately, George Chason."

Several times did the reader peruse the letter, every word of which convinced him that he was not the son of the writer. True, it was earnestly, may even affectionately written, but the word father, or the least allusion to such a tie between them, was not to be found in it.

That same night he sat down and wrote to Sam, informing him that in eight days he should sail for Australia, by the ship Owen, chartered from Sunderland to Sydney, and bidding him and Pet farewell. He also sent a second letter to Mr. Barnard, in which, after thanking him for all his kindness, he announced his resolution; but not one line to Marion; honor sealed his lips; he had pledged his word to her father, and despite the agony the resolution cost him he kept it.

The worthy banker had a far more difficult task in announcing the engagement he had so rashly entered into to his daughter than in making it known to our hero. At first the poor girl appeared incredulous; he could not comprehend that her kind and indulgent parent, who had hitherto gratified her slightest wishes, whose life appeared wrapped up in hers, could ask a sacrifice at which her heart revolted, and compared with which death would have appeared far less terrible.

"—The wife of Mark Raymond!" she sobbed, when the conviction that such really was her father's desire forced itself upon her. "Oh, never, never! I do not ask it; you cannot conceive the loathing I feel at the mere thought of such a marriage. If you would not destroy your child," she said, "spare her that trial."

The poor girl threw her arms around his neck, and drooping her head upon his shoulder, wept bitterly. Mr. Barnard was deeply affected; he would have given half his fortune not to have given the fatal promise which bound him; but, having given it, not even his own secret wishes and regrets, or the pleadings of his idolized Marion, could shake him.

"You look upon it too seriously," he said; "I am sure Mark loves you—"

"His love!" murmured his daughter, with a shudder.

"And will make you happy."

"Father!" exclaimed Marion, with a passionate burst of grief, "do not mock me or deceive yourself; you know that I love another. If that love is a fault, it is the first serious one I have ever committed against your authority, and has been severely punished. I am willing to promise you faithfully never to become the wife of Dick without your free consent, but I will not make myself the thing I loathe to name, by pledging my hand without my heart, sully my lips with perjury at the altar of my Maker."

"You will have time to reflect," observed the banker, soothingly. "Mark is not of age."

"Reflection will only confirm my resolution," replied his daughter. "Oh, how I should despise myself if I thought it capable of change. I cannot love and cast that love aside as I would a glove or fan, a trifle that no longer pleased me. Love with me," she added, "is like the Indian plant which brings forth but one flower in its whole existence, and when that flower fades, the plant dies too."

Her father knew Marion's disposition too well to imagine that he could bend her to his wishes by the mere exercise of parental authority; she was far too high spirited for that; his only chance of succeeding was through her feelings, by appealing to her naturally warm, grateful, generous heart, so capable of comprehending the confiding friendship which had preserved her parent from ruin, and the gratitude which sought to reward it.

The banker, having calmed the terrible excitement which the first avowal of his intentions had occasioned, proceeded to relate to her, as he had previously done to Dick Tarleton, the noble conduct of Mark's father, and the only recompense he had ever asked from him.

"Could I refuse?" he concluded.

"Yes," answered Marion; "he had a right to demand your fortune—he had preserved it; to tax your friendship to its utmost strength—for he had well deserved it; 'at not to exact the sacrifice of your child; to impose on her an existence of misery and tears. Hearts are not like things of merchandise, that may be bought and exchanged—made over like a bill of sale, or sold to the highest bidder. The promise you gave, father," she added, "was wrong—morally wrong; and neither the laws of heaven nor of honor exact that you should keep it."

"It must be kept," observed the old man, with that degree of sternness which weak but kind-hearted persons sometimes use when they fear their resolution will escape them.

"You will have to write it, then, upon my grave," answered his child; "for it will be my fitting epitaph."

"Be it so," said her father, scarcely conscious of the fearful import of his words.

No sooner did his daughter catch their import than, placing her hand upon her heart, as if to restrain its throbbings, she uttered a low plaintive cry, and sank senseless at his feet. The banker raised her in his arms, and endeavored, by the most endearing words and caresses, to recall her to herself, but in vain; her features were rigid and pale as marble.

Dreadfully alarmed, he rang the bell for assistance; Miss Aitkin was summoned, and the senseless girl borne to her chamber, still in a senseless state, whilst that of her parent was scarcely less pitiable.

"I have killed her," he exclaimed, "and am rightly punished for my unnatural severity. What would I not give to recall my fatal promise? Friendship, honor," he added, "behold the sacrifice I offer at your shrine!"

To do him justice, the regret of the speaker was sincere. It was neither the rank nor fortune of Sir Mark Raymond which made him desire him for a son-in-law; had his feelings only been concerned, he would a thousand times have preferred the youth whom he adopted—who had entwined himself around his heart till he loved him as a son; but his word was given, and he saw no means to retract, unless his ward, as was most improbable, should renounce the hand of Marion in favor of his rival—a stretch of generosity as far beyond the comprehension of the baronet as the hopes of the unhappy lovers.

When the physicians who had been sent for arrived, they pronounced their patient to be suffering from an attack of brain fever. In his despair, the wealthy banker implored them to save his child, declaring that he should consider half his fortune too little as the price of her safety.

The men of science demanded the cause of her illness, for to them it was evident that it proceeded from some sudden shock.

Her father remained silent.

For several days Marion lingered between life and death: her faithful friend, Miss Aitkin, who watched over her with a mother's solicitude, never quitted her for an instant. The ravings of the suffering girl only revealed to her what she had for some time suspected, the love of her former pupil for our hero, and in her womanly nature, she deeply sympathized with her, for she, too, had felt the pang which rend the heart, when rudely torn from the object of its first and dearest affection.

When on the fifth day the medical men informed Mr. Barnard the crisis was past, and they had hopes of saving her, his gratitude knew no bounds, and yet he hesitated to give the only proof of it which reason and parental feeling alike demanded—the sacrifice of his resolution. A hundred times during her illness the words had trembled on his lips, but an overstrained sense of honor sealed them.

"She will recover," he thought, "and time may reconcile her to the idea of becoming the wife of Mark Raymond."

How many arguments, thus, and trifle with their happiness till it is too late. Such was the danger the father of our heroine incurred.

"Is there no fear of a relapse?" he asked.

"None of the fever."

The countenance of the banker became radiant with joy.

"But—" the physician hesitated, fearful of alarming—needlessly, perhaps, the feelings of the parent.

"Proceed," said the latter. "The suspense of ill is worse, much worse, than ill confirmed. What have I to learn?"

"That the disease which now threatens your child, although of a different character, and slower in its ravage, is no less fatal—consumption. It is evident, both to my confidant and myself, that there is something preying on Miss Barnard's mind. What it is, it is not our province to investigate; that task belongs more properly to the father of the patient than the physician."

The speaker took his departure, leaving his hearer a prey to bitter and sad reflections.

Consumption it was the disease which had robbed him of his wife; the fatal malady which Marion had, but too probably, inherited from her mother. Mr. Barnard trembled whenever he heard the fatal word pronounced; to guard against it, he had watched over his daughter with the most anxious care; it was the spectre which haunted his home, and the mere shadow of its presence appalled him.

"You are not angry with me?" sobbed the still suffering girl, the first time he was admitted to her chamber.

"Angry," he repeated, kissing her tenderly. "I have never felt angry with you from the hour you were born; you have been, and are still, the object dearest to me on earth."

She fixed her eyes upon him, long and earnestly, in the hope that the words which might restore her to happiness and life would follow; then turned her head upon her pillow, to hide the tears of cruel disappointment.

The heart of the old man could not withstand that mute appeal. "Patience," he whispered, "I will write to Mark, and, if possible, come to an understanding with him. If the sacrifice of half my fortune can prevent a yet greater sacrifice, it shall be made."

"But should he refuse?"

Her father remained silent.

Although the hope was a very faint one,—for, with the tact of her sex, Marion had long since discovered the utter selfishness of the baronet, and his hatred of her lover, which was one of the reasons of her dislike to him,—still it was a hope, and she clung to it with the tenacity of youth, which ever paints its wishes in the most favorable colors. From the hour the promise was made, both Miss Aitkin and Mr. Barnard perceived a marked change in her. A tint, faint as the blush of the first rose of spring, gradually spread itself over her pale features, rendering them less marble and death-like. She smiled upon the old man, and that smile confirmed him in the resolution he had taken.

That same day he despatched a note to Mark, requesting to see him in Harley street at an early hour the following morning. His ward was punctual to the appointment, and met his guardian in the library with an air of dogged sullenness, which boded ill for the happiness of the lovers.

His first inquiry was for Marion.

"Better, thank Heaven—she is much better," replied her father. "The fever, which for several days threatened to deprive me of her, has given way to the skill of the physician. Mark," he added, "it is on the subject of my child that I wish to speak with you. You are aware of the contract entered into between your late worthy father and myself."

"Perfectly," was the response; "and my happiness is staked on its fulfilment."

"Happiness," observed the banker, "is not a selfish feeling. Its gratification ought not to be purchased at the price of another. To be truly enjoyed it requires that some one should share it with us; that we should find a heart to respond to ours."

"Truly," said the young man, who guessed the purport of what was next to follow.

"Marion revolts at the thought of this marriage. More—I will not conceal from you that the mere mention of it has been the cause of her illness. Act generously, then, and renounce a hand which can never be accompanied by her love."

"You talk of generosity!" exclaimed his ward, in a sneering tone, "at the very moment you propose to violate your solemn promise made to the friend who saved you from ruin, and built up the tottering fortune of your house!"

His hearer colored deeply.

"Ask me to resign the cherished hope of years," continued the speaker, with increased vehemence, "in order to bestow her hand and fortune on a beggar!"

"That fortune shall be yours, Mark," interrupted the banker, "and I will think my word too cheaply redeemed by the loss of it. 'Remember,' he added, 'there is nothing but the imperious laws of honor and gratitude to bind me.'"

"Break them," said the baronet, haughtily; "but do not insult me by asking me to set the seal upon the triumph of the man who has undermined me, not only in the affection of Marion, but in yours."

"It is the life—the life of my child—I ask of you!" exclaimed his guardian, imploringly; "my only one. Were your dear father living, he would comprehend my agony—the struggle I endure—and at once release me from the promise which fetters me. Have you no pity for me?"

The speaker was interrupted by some one disputing loudly in the hall with the footman. He had given strict orders that he was at home only to Mark, and, naturally irritated that any one should presume to brave them, opened the door of the library to ascertain the cause.

The intruder proved to be no other than the reader's old acquaintance, Sam, who, with a coolness which, under other circumstances, might have been considered effrontery, at once made his bow and strutted into the room.

The instant Mark perceived who it was, his features became alternately pale and suffused with rage.

"What means this insolence, young man?" demanded the master of the mansion.

"Patience, sir," replied the intruder, "and your anger will be changed into gratitude. I come to do you the greatest service one man can render another—to restore you to yourself—your daughter to life, if not to happiness. One word, and I proceed. Is this gentleman," he added, pointing to the conscience-stricken baronet, "really Sir Mark Raymond?"

"Really?"

"No possibility of an error in his identity?"

"Not the least," replied the banker; "I have been his guardian from his childhood. But why do you ask this question?"

"That I may tell you with greater certainty," said Sam, "that he can never be the husband of Miss Barnard. He is already married—"

"Liar!" shouted the infuriated hypocrite.

"To my sister, my good and virtuous sister," continued the dancer; "they were united in my presence fifteen months since, in Paris. He then bore the name of George Selwin,—the only one, till this day, I have ever known or addressed him by."

There was no mistaking the accents of truth in which these words were uttered. The guilty confusion of the detected libertine sufficiently attested them, and Mr. Barnard felt that a fearful weight had been removed from his heart.

"Mark! Mark!" he exclaimed, "it is well your father is in his grave. He is spared, at least, the pain of blushing for his son. Married! married to another!" he repeated, "and yet pretend to the hand of my insulted child!"

"My marriage," replied the baronet, in a deliberate tone, "was one of those follies which most young men of my rank and fortune fall into, but can prove no serious bar to my alliance with Marion."

"No serious bar?"

"Seeing," continued the speaker, "that it was celebrated not only under a false name, but by a mock priest, and with a forged licence—a blank form obtained from the British Ambassador's office."

The brother of his victim stood for an instant as if a thunderbolt had transfixed him, and drops of cold perspiration, wrung from him by mental agony, stood upon his brow.

The betrayer smiled insolently.

"Is this true?" muttered Sam, hoarsely. "Are you such a villain?"

Mark uttered a mocking laugh; in his rage at the exposure he found some consolation in torturing the noble heart he had deceived.

The outraged brother sprang suddenly forwards, and with a single blow levelled him to the ground.

"I can comprehend your feelings," said Mr. Barnard, interposing, "but cannot permit further violence under my roof. If there is any possibility of establishing the validity of your sister's marriage, claim my assistance to any extent; if not, rely on my sympathy and gratitude."

"Sympathy!" repeated the dancer, bursting into tears; "there is none for dishonor. Did you know, sir, how long and anxiously I watched over her; how dearly I loved her: the pride—the confidence I felt in her; and now betrayed—betrayed!—and I the instrument! I shall go mad—mad!"

Before quitting the house the poor fellow placed in the banker's hand Dick's letter, in which the latter announced his intention of leaving for Australia by the Owen. No sooner had he read it than the father of Marion referred to the shipping list, and found the vessel was to sail on the fifteenth of the month. The interview we have just described occurred on the thirteenth. No time was to be lost.

On entering the chamber of his child, the old man could not repress some outward marks of joy; for, happen what might, he felt himself morally released from the inconsiderate promise he had made.

Marion, who was sitting on an easy chair by the window, read in his half-suppressed smile, and the look of paternal tenderness he cast upon her, that he was the bearer of happy intelligence.

"Has Mark acted generously?" she faltered.

"He is a villain," replied her father; "speak of him no more. I would sooner see you in the grave than the wife of that bad, heartless man."

His daughter clasped her hands in silent thankfulness.

"If Dick were only back again," continued the speaker, "we might be happy; but the foolish boy is on the point of sailing for Australia, to seek out his family, of whom he has obtained some trace. If I thought you could bear the journey as far as Sunderland," he added—

"I am strong, father! you do not know how strong you have made me by your love and kindness. The blood no longer feels stagnant at my heart, but runs through my veins with the rich glow of health. Take me with you."

"Must hear what the physician says," replied the old gentleman; "no more risks; the first has frightened me sufficiently to last the rest of my life."

It seems the medical men were of opinion that excitement was far more likely to produce an injurious effect upon the system of their patient than even the fatigue of such a journey, for on the following morning, the luxurious travelling-carriage of the banker started from Harley street for the north; but, after travelling as rapidly as they dared, on account of Marion, arrived too late.

The Owen had sailed.

They drove down to the beach in time to catch a glimpse of its white sails as they fluttered on the horizon.

Poor Marion threw herself into her father's arms, and wept with disappointment.

"Love, my child," said the old man, "is like gold; the trial establishes its purity. Heaven will hear my prayers. I shall still live to place you in the arms of my adopted son, and see you the happy wife of Dick Tarleton."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Woman, by whom we are, the source of joy,
With cruel art man labors to destroy.

LULLO.

OVERWHELMED by the unblinking cynical avowal which Sir Mark Raymond made of his villainy, Sam, on quitting Harley street, started immediately for Woodbine Cottage to break the distressing discovery to his sister.

Our readers can well imagine how his proud, honest heart sank at the painful task before him. How to accomplish it he knew not; it was hard to tell the being he had so long and anxiously watched over that her dream of happiness was ended, that she was not a wife, that the child she had borne possessed no legal claim to the name of its father, and that henceforth the world—the cold, misjudging world—would class her with those unhappy ones who, yielding to the impulse of passion, accept degradation as an inheritance not a calamity.

"It will destroy her," he murmured, repeatedly, as the chase drove rapidly along the Richmond road; "and I—I, the cause. Fool that I was to be so gulled. Poor Pet! so confident was her trust in her brother, that no evidence would have weighed with her against his slightest word. But I will avenge her," he added, at the same time dash aside the tears which he fancied disgraced his manhood instead of honoring it. "Mark shall redeem her honor or pay the loss of it with his life."

Let it not be supposed for an instant that Sam contemplated the death of the heartless libertine by a crime—a cowardly act of assassination; no, his spirit was far too manly for that; his intention was to challenge him, but, like most impulsive natures, he decided without calculating the distance which rank placed between them; that the demand of a brother who had been outraged in all that his affection held most dear, for an honorable reparation, would be laughed at or be listened to with a sneer by the seducer. The poor player was not of his caste, but one whom society with its usual charitable unanimity had agreed to include amongst its pariahs.

On reaching the cottage, the poor fellow heard the joyous laugh of his sister in the drawing-room, towards which, with a heavy heart, he directed his steps, and paused at the door to contemplate the scene before him. Pet was seated upon the floor, with both arms extended towards her infant son, who, supported by his nurse, was making his first effort to walk towards her, attracted by the

smiles and endearing tones of his young mother. One of his little shoes had fallen off in the exertion, and the child stopped and pointed to it.

"He will walk soon, nurse—very soon," exclaimed the delighted Pet; "I am sure he will."

"There never was such a beautiful, brave little fellow," replied the woman, who really felt attached to her charge. "He is his father's own boy—the very image of him!"

Sam heard the observation with a shudder, the truth of which he could not but acknowledge, for there was a singular resemblance between Sir Mark Raymond and the child. His sister clasped her hands and laughed joyously again.

"And I must end this dream," thought the dancer, as he stood gazing on the interesting group before him. "Draw between her and the sunshine of existence the dark veil of shame and sorrow—tell her her boy is without a name—that henceforth life has no hope, memory no verdant spot to rest upon. Poor girl! so young, so happy—soon to be so wretched!"

Pet looked up, and recognising her brother, uttered a cry of glad surprise. "What a childish thing you must take me for?" she exclaimed, rising from the carpet, and holding out her hand to him. "George often says he does not know which is the greatest baby of the two, I or my infant. Marry," she added, with a happy smile; "marry Old Gravity; have children of your own; then you will understand it all."

Sam turned aside to conceal a tear.

"What a selfish thing happiness is!" observed his sister, who attributed his depression to the separation from his friend. "I had forgotten poor Dick, and yet I love him as a second brother. That odious Sir Mark Raymond," she added; "what an ungenerous being he must be! I feel as if I could hate him."

"He is a villain," muttered the dancer between his clenched teeth, "and there are but too many like him in the world. Pet," he continued taking her kindly by the hand, "send the nurse away; I have a sad tale to tell you."

The young mother regarded him for an instant silently. She saw that something terrible had occurred, that the strong heart and brain had both received a blow, beneath which the first died and the second reeled as if with drunkenness, and her gaily vanished at once.

Taking the child from the arms of its attendant, whom she directed to quit the room, Pet placed the boy in his cradle, and sang two or three verses of a wild gipsy-like song which she had learnt in early days. By the time she had concluded the little fellow slept.

Returning to her brother she seated herself by his side, took his hand, and looking anxiously into his face, said, "What is it?"

"The question almost unnerved him."

"No ill news, Dick?"

"None more than you know already. He is about to quit England for Australia."

"God bless him!" exclaimed the poor girl, fervently, "wherever he goes, and bind his broken heart. It is hard, Sam, very hard, at his age, life still so young, the world so fresh before him, to know its dreams and path both clouded; in the long dreary prospect between him and the grave to see only a desert so dull and barren no flower can grow there—sand, ashes, dust, relics of the heart's memories."

"There is a state even worse than his, Pet," observed her brother; "it is to find that the idol we have worshipped—enshrined in the soul's temple—instead of gold, is formed of clay, of vilest clay; that our affections have been made the sport of selfish passions; and the lips whose words are deemed truth's oracles formed only to deceive."

His hearer shuddered; a chill ran through her frame, such as is said the young and innocent experience when some rude foot passes over their future grave.

"Surely Marion, the frank, free-hearted being you described," she said, "cannot have proved false to me?"

"I do not speak of her," replied Sam.

"Nor of Dick," said his sister, eagerly; "for if you do, by my soul, you wrong him. There is not a lie in his manly nature—a base thought in his heart. I could as soon suspect you," she added, "of unworthiness, or my own George of acting the part you have described."

"It is a world of error," exclaimed her brother, wrung by the expression of womanly confidence in her betrayer, "and the fewer we confide in the better for our own happiness."

"Of whom do you speak? what is the meaning of this mystery?" demanded Pet, impatiently. "You are pale; your eyes riveted upon me with such mournful tenderness, as if they gazed upon my corpse. Has anything occurred to shake your faith in—?"

She could not bring herself to pronounce the name of her husband; it appeared like treason to true love to doubt him.

The dancer turned his head aside.

"Answer me," she continued, stamping her little foot passionately upon the carpet, if you would not needlessly wring my heart. You know what I would ask."

"He is a villain," replied Sam.

"His sister looked at him wondering, as if the sense of hearing had deceived her, then broke into a hysterical laugh.

"You have answered me rightly," she said; "very rightly, and I am fitly punished for a doubt which was an insult to his honor. How impatient I feel to see him, she added, "that I may confess my weakness. But he will forgive me—I am sure he will."

"He forgives me," repeated her brother, bitterly. "Were his life to be prolonged beyond the span of human existence, and every instant of it passed in penitence," could not atone for the injury he has done you. Call reason to your aid, Pet—summon that strength of heart which has abandoned me, and do not curse me when I tell you that Sir Mark Raymond and Gerge Selwin are the same person."

The victim, who had heard of the baronet's gallantries in Paris, where his reputation had been most notorious, threw herself into the arms of the speaker, overwhelmed by the blow, though as yet she knew but half her misery. "Hail, did we say? I was but the rolling of the distant thunder which precedes the storm."

"I was determined to see Dick's rival and enemy," continued Sam, "and watched for him at his club. At first I doubted the evidence, clear as the noon-day. This very morning I traced him to the residence of his guardian, Mr. Bernard, in Harley-street, confronted him, and wrung from him the confession of his rank and name."

"I sobbed Pet, "the wife of that bad, bad man!"

"How shall I tell the rest?" murmured the dancer, distractedly. "And yet it must be told. Sister, you know not half his villainies. He boasted—yes, boasted in my presence, that he had deceived you; that the license, by which your marriage was celebrated in France, was a forged one, and the clergyman a wretch whom he employed to assume that sacred character."

A deep-drawn sigh, long and sad as the departing breath, issued from the lips of the betrayed, unhappy girl. But not a word or groan escaped her lips. Dreadfully alarmed, her brother endeavored to raise her head, which she kept buried, as if to hide her shame, upon his shoulder. But Pet only clung to him the closer; she could not endure that even his eyes should gaze upon her shame.

"God!" he exclaimed, "she is dying!—dying!"

Had the struggle endured much longer, his prediction must have been realized, for nature, strong as it is, can but endure a certain amount of pain. The frantic exclamations of Sam awoke the infant in the cradle, and it uttered a loud cry.

At the sound of its voice, Pet started from the embrace of her brother, and snatching up the child, sank with it upon the floor, weeping over it long and passionately. The tears were a relief to her heart, which else must have broken with its agony.

"Poor babe!" she murmured, "poor nameless one; where shall we hide our disgrace?"

"In the arms of him who was your protector in childhood," replied the dancer—"whose watchful care failed but once to save you, and whose life shall be devoted to the task of atoning for his error. Can you forgive me?"

"Purge you?" repeated his sister—"you, to whom my presence must henceforth be a reproach—my name a shame! you who—Oh, do not mock me; I am past jesting with. But I shall not trouble you long," she added; "the blow has stricken home."

"Not so; you will live."

"Live! live!" murmured the poor girl, sadly.

"Yes, for your child's sake," continued the noble-minded fellow.

Pet pressed the infant convulsively to her heart.

For the sake of the brother who loves you," he added,—"whose heart never felt such deep affection for you as it glows with now—who respects you—who is proud of you as in the days of childhood. Courage, courage! you have nothing to reproach yourself with. The martyr does not share the infamy of the executioner."

The servant entered the drawing-room with a card, which the speaker took from her. It bore the name of "Mr. Roderick Hastings." He smiled bitterly when he read it.

"I will see the gentleman," he said. "Remain here with your mistress, and do not quit her till my return."

The woman promised. She saw from the desponding state of Pet that something serious had occurred; the visitor, in fact, had hinted as much when he told her that, in all probability, Mrs. Selwin, for so he designated the victim of Mark's peridy, would return with him to London.

He could scarcely conceal his mortification and surprise when, instead of the lady, her brother entered the little breakfast-room.

"May I request the nature of your business with my sister, sir?" peremptorily demanded Sam. "She is too ill to receive visitors."

"I come on the part of my friend, Mr. Selwin, who—"

"On the part of Sir Mark Raymond," interrupted the dancer. "I beg you will designate the villain by his title. Perhaps, also, you will condescend to explain how any one calling himself a gentleman can reconcile it with his pretensions to make himself the ambassador of a lie."

"A hard word, sir," observed Roderick.

"Truth is hard," was the reply.

The messenger coolly crossed his legs, and, raising his glass, examined Sam from head to foot. The eye of the brave, honest fellow did not flinch beneath the insulting investigation, for he felt at that moment the superiority which true honor gives over wealth and its insolent pretensions—birth and its adventitious advantages.

"Ah!" exclaimed Roderick, as if he recognised him for the first time, "the brother."

"Does not the word blister your tongue?" exclaimed the young man indignantly; "and call the bold blush to your cheek? Yes, sir, I am the brother of Sir Mark's victim; but I forgot," he added, scornfully, "you are one of those beings in whom the voice of conscience has long been mute. You have all the

vices of humanity, without one of the virtues which redeem it,—a portrait vividly painted, but exquisitely varnished. You, sir,—I know you! And now permit me to ask what is your business with my unhappy sister?"

"The eloquence of melodrama," observed Roderick, with a sneer.

"Has it stung you?"

"On the contrary, it has amused me," replied the roué; "but, as you may suppose, I did not come from town for the mere pleasure of bandying words with you, but as the representative of Sir Mark Raymond."

"He could not have chosen a more fitting one," ejaculated Sam.

"The discovery of the little ruse my friend played must have been made sooner or later," continued the visitor, without noticing the interruption; "and it is as well, perhaps, that it has taken place now. Mark desires to act handsomely."

"Will he restore my sister's honor?" demanded his hearer, impetuously. "repair, as far as in his power, the injury he has done by a legal marriage?"

"Marriage!" repeated Roderick, with a smile. "My dear sir, how very little you must know of the world! Marriage is quite out of the question; but on every other point he is prepared to act most liberally, and desires me to offer—"

"Hold!" interrupted Sam. "For your own sake, do not repeat the infamous proposal, lest indignation master reason, and I strike you, as I did him, to my feet. Liberally—I understand the word. He would give infamy with gold,—make my sister—my pure and innocent sister—a partaker of his shame, by inducing her to accept a price for that which is priceless—honor. A price," he added, "viler, if possible, than the wretch who pays it, or the degraded go-between who offers it."

"It was the first time, perhaps, during his infamous career, that Roderick Hastings had heard himself described in language so unmistakably truthful and energetic; but it was far from his wish to provoke a contest with the speaker, in which he had everything to lose, to say nothing of the scandal of publicity. The quarrel was not his, but the baronet's, and he had not the slightest intention of undertaking the vicarious office of his champion; a conclusion to which the well-knit frame and muscular limbs of the indignant, outraged brother not a little contributed.

"I am to understand, then, sir, that the munificent offers of Sir Mark Raymond are rejected?"

"With loathing and contempt," replied the dancer. "There are two courses left open to him: the first is to repair, as far as lies in his power, the infamous deception he has practised by an immediate marriage."

Roderick shrugged his shoulders and smiled disdainfully, as if there was something preposterous in such a proposition.

"The second," continued Sam, and his brow reddened deeply as he uttered the words, "is to appoint a time and place of meeting. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied the messenger; but you cannot expect me to be the bearer of such a message."

"You the bearer of hostile words between me and Mark Raymond?" exclaimed the former, with the most contemptuous coolness: "never fear, sir. I reflect twice before I decide upon the choice of one to whom I confide my honor. Your friend shall hear from me."

"Ah! send him a play-bill," observed the roué, deeply stung by the tone and look of the speaker; "the idea is an original one."

Sam marched close up to him, and looked firmly into his face.

"True," he said, "my name has appeared in a play-bill; shall I tell you where yours ought to appear? In the 'Newgate Calendar,' by the side of those monsters in human form whom the glare of justice has stricken—whose names are immortalized for execration. I would rather," he continued, "tread the boards of a theatre, than stalk through the world with the secret conviction that I might one day be called upon to mount those of the gallows."

"This is too insolent!" replied Roderick; "patience has its limit."

"And so has the forbearance of justice," retorted the former. "Assassin, I know you!"

The guilty man changed color at the word.

"Not the less an assassin," continued his accuser, "that the instrument you employed struck the wrong man, and that your victim escaped you."

Up to this moment, Roderick confidently believed that the pretended game-keeper, who was no other than his agent, had really succeeded in taking the life of our hero. The shock was a rude one, but his presence of mind did not desert him.

"Am I to conclude that you are drunk or mad?" he demanded, haughtily.

"Dare to repeat your infamous accusation, and—"

"You will murder me!" said Sam, concluding the sentence for him. "Try it: the man who is warned is armed."

"The laws of my country shall vindicate my honor."

"Whitewash it, you mean," retorted the dancer; "but even that will fail,—the original blackness would peep through. You have your answer, sir; I do not fear you. With all your wealth and cunning you no more dare call the attention of justice to your proceedings than thrust your hand in the fire. The wicked are ever cowards at heart."

"You shall hear from me," muttered the villain.

"By one of your confidential messengers" replied the young man. "I shall be prepared to answer him. London is not so favorable for assassination as the woods and green lanes of Crowthall. And now, sir, he added, "as you would avoid the degradation of a personal chastisement, quit the house. In a few hours both my sister and myself will have left it; but till then it is the asylum of outraged innocence and virtue, and if either you or the infamous wretch whom you call friend, presume to cross the threshold, I cannot answer for my forbearance. Go, and rid me of the most loathsome sight on earth—the presence of a heartless, bad, bad man."

He pointed sternly to the door. Roderick caught up his hat, and, without uttering a word in reply, quitted the room. The courage of the bully was cowed by the lesson he had received.

"I am getting old," he muttered, as he walked across the lawn to his carriage; "my nerves are unstrung. Aspen-like, a breath can shake them. The time has been when I could have brushed this fellow like a fly from my path, and smiled at his puny efforts. Mark must be upon his guard; such men are dangerous. If this brother only knew what I could tell him, he might rise with giant strength against him. Time, time will prove whether I acted wisely or not."

When Sam returned to the drawing-room, he found his sister still sitting on the carpet by the side of the cradle, holding her infant in her arms. The eyes of the poor betrayed girl were tearless. The blow appeared to have stupefied her. She could not comprehend the extent of her misery. The nurse stood by her side alarmed, and wondering what had occurred.

Her brother, whose heart was crushed nearly as much as her own, had still sufficient presence of mind left to decide on removing her from Woodbine Cottage before the reaction took place. To have permitted her to remain another night under the roof of her betrayer, in his opinion, would have been to share his infamy.

"You will pack up such things as are necessary for the child," he said.

"Is my mistress going to leave home?" demanded the woman.

"Yes."

"For some time, sir?"

"Yes—yes!" repeated the brother, impatiently.

"And am I to accompany Mrs. Selwin?"

"No."

"Well," said the nurse, who could not comprehend the affair, but clearly saw that something wrong had taken place, "I will pack up her clothes and jewels as quickly as—"

"Not a gown, a rag, a trinket," interrupted Sam. "My sister has no need of them; merely such articles as are necessary for the infant, and those of the simplest kind. You understand me. Obey my directions at once."

The servant quitted the room. The poor creature was really attached to her mistress, and had she known the truth, would have pressed hard to accompany her; but the manner and tone of the speaker forbade all further reply.

"Pet," said her brother, raising her tenderly in his arms, "we must quit this place."

The poor girl gazed at him with a vacant stare, then laughed, and began playing with the child.

"The reason's gone," he murmured, in a broken voice. "Oh villain! villain! And yet the hollow, heartless world will smile upon him, court him, and call his crime a folly—plead love as his excuse. Love!" he repeated bitterly; "the word most prostituted, and the passion least understood."

When the nurse returned with the things for the infant, which she had hastily collected, as well as her mistress's shawl and bonnet, Sam directed her to place the former in the chaise, which had waited for him at the lodge.

"Indeed, sir," said the woman, "Mrs. Selwin is not in a fit state to travel. It is not wise or kind to take her from her home. What will my master say? I cannot understand it."

"Your master is a villain," exclaimed the young man, passionately.

The well meaning creature lifted up both hands in astonishment; a sudden light broke in upon her, and gazing upon Pet, she murmured—

"Poor thing, poor thing."

The victim made no resistance, but suffered herself to be dressed for the journey, to all appearance quite unconscious of the proceeding. It was only when the nurse offered to take the child from her, in order to convey it to the postchaise, that she uttered a low plaintive cry and pressed it still closer to her bosom.

"I will conduct my sister," said the heart-broken brother. "Your master will doubtless arrive in the course of the day; you will give up your mistress's keys to him. He already knows my intentions."

He placed a sovereign in her hand.

Pet suffered herself to be lifted into the carriage without a word. Sam seated himself by her side. It was the shutting of the door and the motion of the vehicle which first roused her from the state of stupor into which she had fallen; she gazed for an instant on the cottage, the home she was quitting for ever, then in her infant's and her brother's face; gradually she comprehended it all, and throwing herself into his arms, wept long and bitterly.

"Blessed, blessed tears," said the dancer; "they have restored her to reason."

"And to shame," she murmured, as her head reclined upon his manly breast.

"Shame!" repeated Sam; "never did you appear to me more pure, more worthy of respect, than at this moment. The shame is the betrayer's, not the victim's. But he shall atone for the wrong he has done you; or, noble as he is, answer for it man to man!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Pet; "had as he is, he is the father of my child. Promise me," she added, "that you will seek no personal vengeance!"

Her brother remained silent.

"Hear me," she continued. "My prayer, you will say, perhaps, is a selfish one; still it is my prayer. You are the only stay I have left on earth—what

would be my fate deprived of you? My brain reels at the thought. For my sake—for the sake of this helpless innocent—who will soon lose a mother's care—ease my tortured heart and promise me."

"We shall see," was the evasive answer.

"He will not promise me," murmured the unhappy girl, wringing her hands in agony; "my heart will break. Husband, brother, both lost. Both! both!"

Deeply as the noble-hearted fellow felt for her distress, he could not bring his lips to utter the pledge which she required of him. The stern sentiment of honor and the desire of avenging her wrongs were stronger even than his pity and affection. She had been his pride; the care of his whole life—nay, was so still. In blighting her existence, Sir Mark Raymond had inflicted the deepest injury in her power to receive.

On reaching his lodgings, Sam made such arrangements for his sister as his humble means permitted. The daughter of his landlady was engaged to attend upon her and the child. All that day he never quitted the house; but at an early hour on the following one he sought out a friend, one of the wandering tribe of Theatricals like himself, but who had formerly held the rank of lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

To Jack Barratt he related the treatment Pet had received, and requested him to call upon the baronet and demand a meeting.

The actor, who had listened to him attentively, demanded how he intended to proceed if, as he foresaw, the titled scoundrel should refuse him satisfaction on the ground of the inequality of their rank.

"Horsewhip him publicly the first time I meet him," replied the dancer.

Jack extended his hand, and vowed that he would see him through it. Poor fellow, he had but one failing—love of wine. In every other respect he was as noble, as perfect a character as ever breathed. This one fatal error had drawn him from the profession he had originally chosen to the precarious one of the stage, to which he brought more honor than talent, more spirit than prudence.

Pleased with the importance of the mission confided to him, Jack dressed himself with unusual care, and what was more, kept himself perfectly sober for the occasion. After searching a long time amongst the odds and ends in an old sea chest which contained his scanty wardrobe, he discovered a card with the name Lieutenant John Barratt, Royal Navy, upon it. To be sure it was exceedingly dirty, and cost him an hour's patient rubbing with the crumb of a penny roll to render it presentable.

"The last remains of princely York," he muttered, with a sigh, as he gazed upon it. "Well do I remember the little silver and tortoise shell case in which my mother sent them to me, and the kind, affectionate letter she wrote when she heard of my promotion. I have the letter still, but where is the case?"

A deep blush overspread his features as he suddenly recollected that he had parted with it to settle a tavern score, for his income from the stage was so slight and uncertain, that had it not been for his half-pay, he would have been puzzled to exist. Even with that he found himself driven at times to not very dignified expedients.

Roderick Hastings and the baronet were seated in the chambers of the last named gentleman, when the valet brought in Jack's card. His master took it, and handed it to his companion and adviser.

"Do you know him?" asked the latter.

Mark replied in the negative.

"At any rate you must see him," observed Roderick, "and refer him to me as your friend. I shall soon settle the affair. The idea of your meeting a fellow like Sam is preposterous."

"Ridiculous," said the seducer.

Great was the astonishment of both the speakers when the bearer of the hostile message was ushered into the room where they were taking their wine. And his appearance justified the feeling; for, in order to do honor to the occasion, the messenger had attired himself in a braided coat, made for him when about half his present size; a pair of faded blue pantaloons, with narrow gold lace down the sides; shoes and white cotton stockings; a hat which had once seen better days, completed his costume.

"Is your visit really intended for me?" inquired Mark, in a supercilious tone.

"Really," replied the actor; "if I have the honor of addressing Sir Mark Raymond."

"And you are Lieutenant Barratt?" added the former.

"And I am Lieutenant Barratt," repeated his visitor.

"Roderick, look in the navy list."

"Page 361, second column," said the actor, who perfectly comprehended the impertinence; "retired upon half pay."

"There it is," exclaimed the roué, passing the book to his friend, who glanced over the page, and satisfied that there really was such a person, proceeded at once to inquire the purport of his visit.

"I am the friend of Herr Samerli."

Our readers will recollect that this was Sam's theatrical name. His representative had never known him by any other.

"Of whom?" demanded the baronet; "I know no such person."

"At any rate," replied the actor, "you are acquainted with a man whom you have most foully wronged; whose sister you have deluded by a false marriage. It is in his name that I am come to demand the reparation which one man of honor—I use the word for courtesy's sake—has a right to exact of another."

"An ambassador from Harlequin," exclaimed Roderick. "The affair promises to become amusing. I recollect the fellow," he added, with a laugh; "he, too, is on the stage."

"An ambassador," answered Jack, with the utmost coolness, "who still holds the rank of an officer in Her Majesty's service—who remembers Mr. Hastings a scheming adventurer upon town, without a shilling in his pocket, or sufficient credit to borrow one, though doubtless he often tried it. We have both excellent memories; pray proceed."

The insulted bit his lips; for once he had met his match.

"May I be favored with Sir Mark Raymond's reply?" added the speaker.

"I can only refer you to my friend," said the baronet, in a tone of disdain.

"I place myself in his hands."

"Which, I fear, are very dry ones," sarcastically observed the former. "I would advise you to take a bath the instant you are fortunate enough to escape from them."

"Insolent!" ejaculated the roué, pale with rage, whilst Sam's representative maintained the most provoking coolness. "You forget whom you are speaking of."

"On the contrary, it is because I am perfectly aware of whom I am speaking that I employ the terms I used. Your impertinence to myself, Mr. Hastings, is a matter for after consideration. As Sir Mark has placed his honor in your hands, I await a reply."

"Take it at once," said Roderick. "However willing my friend may be to meet the man who has so infamously accused him, I pronounce the encounter impossible."

"On what grounds?"

"He is an actor—a tumbling, dancing fellow—a person without status in society. It would be too ridiculous to be shot by a pantomimist!"

"Prudent, if not generous," observed the actor. Turning to the baronet, he added, "Do you abide by the decision of your friend?"



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FASHION RACECOURSE, L. I.

THE OPENING DAY ON FASHION COURSE.

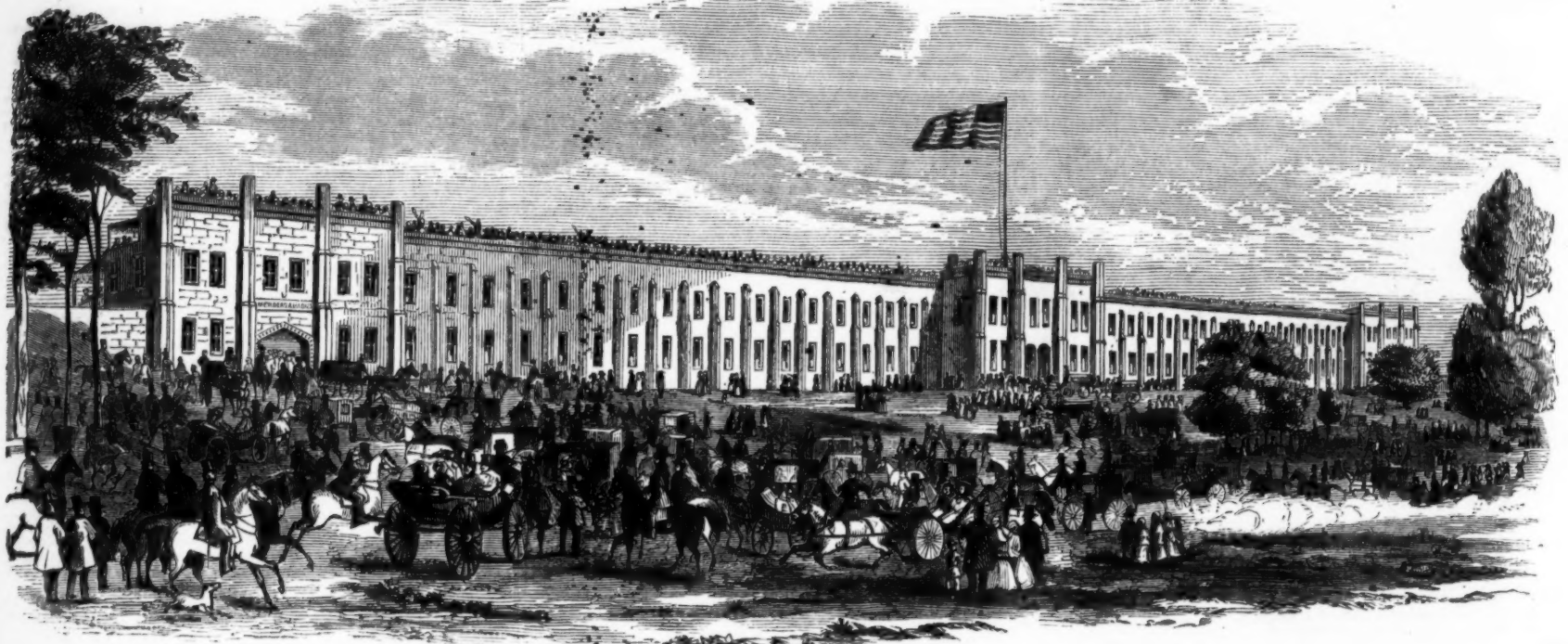
Most persons have a *penchant* for fast horses—whether in the respectable chaise, the sporting sulky, the piquant buggy, or the aristocratic carriage; nevertheless, this majority of the outside world has but a faint idea of the manner in which the sporting phase lives on horses. A fact may exist in minds that cannot comprehend it, a saying which cannot claim much in the sense of originality, but which is peculiarly applicable to the vast number of

our citizens who know only of the "turf" through the reports of local journalism. Read certain papers and you see that a whole world, a universe in little, is nothing if not an aggregate centaur, wholly "of the turf, turf." What's Adalgisa to you, or you to Adalgisa? If *Ivanhoe* is by Boston out of Eclipse, and, suppose Princeton is by Yorkshire—what's that to you? But to that little world abroad, it is different. These are the facts which give a complexion to its existence; they intrude into its dreams, they

sparkle in its smiles, and mingle in its tears. You do not quite understand it, and, indeed, the majority of persons find it equally difficult to comprehend. But to go once to the Fashion Course on a race day is to be sympathetic for the turf and for all the turf in its varied ramifications.

GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE FASHION COURSE.

The announcement of the race on Tuesday, June 17th, drew out a large representation from the sporting fraternity. Commencing



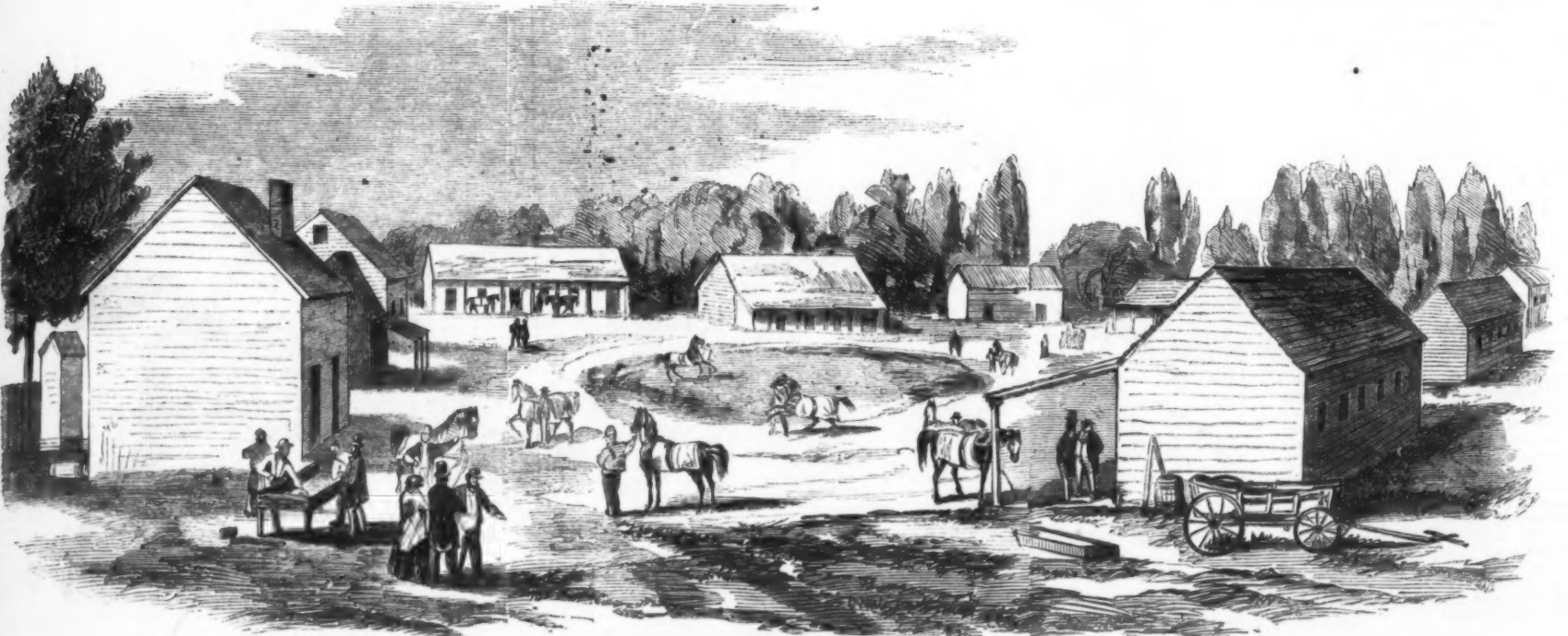
GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE FASHION RACECOURSE, L. I.

at noon, Flushing Avenue was thronged with vehicles of all shapes and sizes, bending towards Newtown. Fancy men drove fast horses, and advanced juveniles belabored wretched and unwilling hacks. There was noise, shouting, and sometimes quarrelling, as excited "sports" met at the drinking houses on the road. It had come out in its strength, this racing world—this huge agglomeration of gambling and fraud, of weakness and wickedness, with its Atlas a blackleg. This "fancy" profession is surrounded

by an atmosphere of immorality almost as fatal as fascinating; and although, undoubtedly, many of our most honorable men interest themselves in "sporting events," what are their numbers compared with those we meet upon the road—men whose interest in them is the interest of "sharps" and "gamblers." But moralizing is not the vein for Flushing Avenue on a race day. We pass some teams, and are passed by others; we discharge religiously the requirements of toll-gate keepers, and do not run down any

one to create an excitement; we do not stop at every refreshment saloon on the way, and respectfully avoid opportunities for discourse: and thus we are enabled to reach the course in good season and witness the first *ensemble* of effects produced by the arrivals.

The entrance is a handsome and picturesque structure, excellently planned to promote the enjoyment of visitors. The walls are of brick with spacious entrances, and tastefully ornamented in a style of architecture it would be somewhat difficult to define; but yet, as

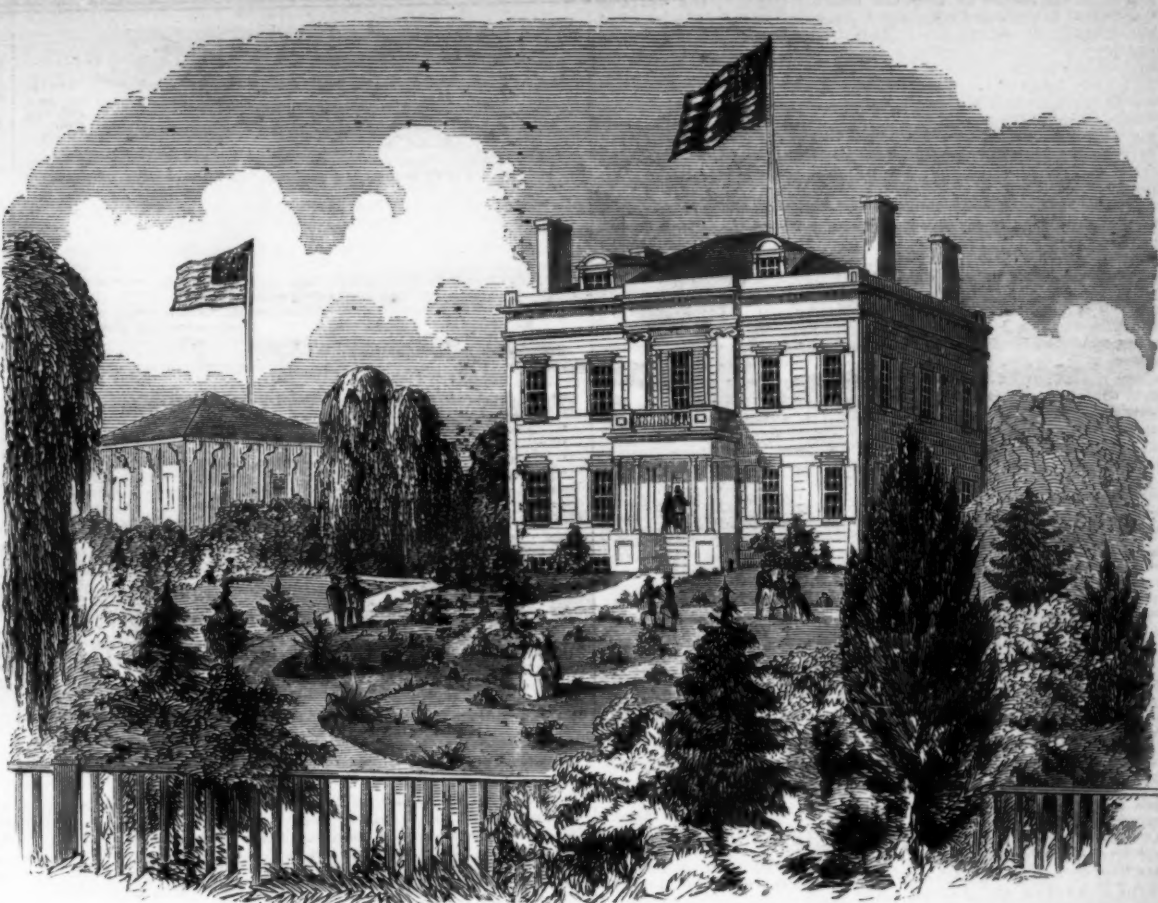


FASHION RACECOURSE.—EXERCISING THE HORSES.

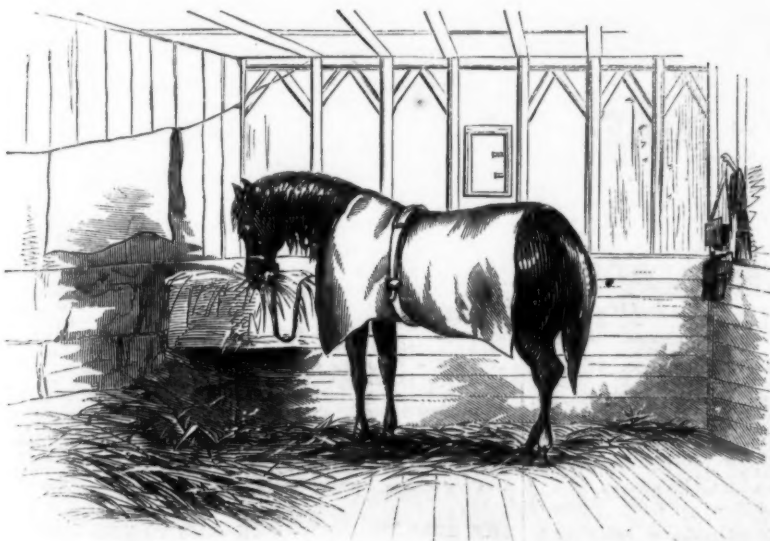
we have said, extremely picturesque and pleasing. Here we were fortunate enough to meet Mr. Valentine, the courteous and efficient director of the course, and, under his guidance, we readily discovered the improvements which had been made in the general arrangement of the course. The absence of that crowd of picayune gamblers which usually infest such scenes, was a point not to be overlooked—and the Club which has superintended the arrangements of this opening day, deserve great credit for having driven all blacklegs and thieves from the enclosure. There was only one game opened on Tuesday, which was done outside the walls, and that was a three-card monte game, which did not pay expenses. In the main, the class of persons occupying the stands was of a respectable character, and nothing occurred during the day to mar the general harmony and good feeling of the occasion. Gentlemen assembled in the bar, or around the entrance; talked over the gallant achievements of the past, or canvassed the peculiar merits of the favorites of today. The sporting world had awakened from its lethargy, and the names of Eclipse and Henry, of Black Maria, Lady Relief, and Trifle, of Fashion and Boston, Fashion and Peytona, of Tally Ho and Boston, were heard frequently in the animated conversation, which proceeded the time of starting.

THE RACE COURSE.

The day was admirably adapted to the occasion of a commencement. The weather was delightful, and the track in capital condition. The mile running was not particularly fast, it being rather a one-sided affair. The two mile race was extremely interesting, and appeared to afford general satisfaction. The proceedings were conducted with great propriety and decorum, and nothing exceptionable was witnessed, proving conclusively that families can visit the races with propriety, and have no fear of their sensibilities being shocked by improper exhibitions. Everything is so arranged by the Club that persons cannot be subjected to any annoyance whatever. The attendance was very good, indeed, this day, for a first day's meeting, no great sport being anticipated, as it was only one and two mile heats. The people of the North are perfect gluttons in racing, as in everything else, and think they must have the worth of their money at once; and nothing short of a four mile race seems to satiate their voracious appetites. The first race was mile heats, for which Ida, Etiquette, Czar, Margret Morris, and Etta were entered; but two however, appeared on the track—Czar and Etiquette. Czar won the race easily. Czar is by Tally Ho out of Andrewetta, and is an uncommonly promising three year old. He ran with much ease and in capital style, and bids fair to assume a high position as a racer. The filly that ran against him is by Mariner, out of Fashion, and did not prove herself quite as fast as was anticipated from the general knowledge of the power of her dam. She is, however, a pretty creature, and may do something yet when older. Of



CLUB HOUSE—FASHION RACECOURSE.



INTERIOR OF PRIOR'S STABLE, FASHION RACECOURSE.

the heats little can be said. Czar led from beginning to end in each heat, under a hard pull. The betting was about everything to nothing on the colt. The following is the summary:—

FASHION STAKES, three years old, mile heats, subscription \$300, forfeit \$100.
W. H. Gibbon's ch. c. Czar, by Tally Ho, out of Andrewetta, 1 1
F. Morris' br. f. Etiquette, by Mariner, out of Fashion 2 2
Col. W. E. Gardner's ch. f. Ida, by Clarion, dam by Eclipse dr.
R. R. Morris' br. f. Margaret Morris, by imported Glencoe, dam by Medoc, dr.
W. J. Shaw's ch. f. Etta, by Trustee, out of Gloriana, dr.

Time 2.00—1.51 3-4.

SAME DAY.—Club purse \$650, two mile heats, entrance \$100 to go to the second horse.

O. P. Hare's b. m. Adalgiza, by imported Glencoe, dam by Rodolph, 5 years old—dress blue and blue 1 1
C. Green's br. m. Augusta, by imported Ainderby, out of Princess Ann, 5 years old—dress blue, yellow and white 2 2
J. M. Clay's b. f. Balloon, by imported Yorkshire, out of Heraldry, 4 years old—dress red, blue and white 3 3
J. C. Littlefield's b. g. Berry, by imported Sovereign, dam by Glencoe, aged—dress black and blue 4 4

Time 3:49—3:48.

The running in this race was extremely spirited, and well contested throughout. Adalgiza was the favorite from first to last, at odds, and won the race with ease in two heats.

The satisfaction of visitors was general at the arrangements made by the club for their accommodation; and indeed, the changes which have taken place sufficiently evidence their taste and liberality. The judge's stand is commodious and handsomely ornamented, and the quarter-stretch, Jockey Club, and grand stands, are excellently adapted to the requirements of those who patronize the course. The facility afforded to reporters—who occupy seats on each side of the Timers—is a courteous and commendable recognition of a right which the directors of sporting exhibitions have not always been willing to acknowledge.

THE CLUB STABLES.

The race over, people adjourn pretty generally to the nearest refreshment place; and, passing the Club House, a spacious and elegant building, we find crowds of the 'fancy' surrounding a bar, in all conditions of jollification. Here are pleasant things said, by pleasant people, and there are some very bad things said, by persons equally 'bad' in proportion. It would be somewhat difficult to estimate the amount of brandy and Monongahela poured down within the subsequent half hour; but we receive practical evidences of its effect in the return drive homewards. Quitting this noisy company, we accept the invitation of a member to a stroll through the Club stables. And in reality, we find ample scope for enjoyment in admiring the lithe and delicate beauty of the animals stabled in this enclosure. The following we found engaged in exercising, or in the stables of their owners—which we give in numerical order: No. 1, owned by Mr. Clay, contains Princeton, a sorrel horse by Yorkshire, and Balloon, a mare, by the same.

No. 2, by Mr. Tenbrook, the owner of Count, Prior, Priore, and Etiquette, all known to fame, and as remarkable for their beauty and high degree of cultivation, as for their qualities of style and fleetness.

No. 3, by Mr. Shaw, contains Ivanhoe, by Boston out of Eclipse, One Eye'd Joe, and several untried horses, of remarkable beauty.

No. 4, by Mr. McDunnell, Adalgiza, the winner of Tuesday, and handsome Sam Letcher.

No. 5, by Mr. Woodfall, contains Florida, and others.

No. 6, Col. Hendrickson and Littlefield, accommodates the gelder Beny, finely developed and very beautiful.

No. 7, by Col. Green; Augusta, one of the most charming belles of the turf, and an imported bay colt, which has not yet been tried.

No. 8, by Mr. Gibbons; contains Nicholas the First, and the winner of the first race, Czar, a splendid evidence of what care and culture can achieve in the development of an animal.

The stables are well situated, and the daily routine, in its simplest details, is systematized into perfection. The exercises of walking take place on the green of the enclosure, while those of galloping take place on the course. In short, every department which comes under the supervision of the Jockey Club, is ably occupied by persons who attend carefully to their duties, and in this connection, the exertions of Mr. Valentine are deserving of commendation.

RETURNING FROM THE RACES.

As the shadows of the Club-house and its adjoining buildings become deeper and longer up the green ground of the race-course, it becomes evident to all that the hour of returning has arrived, and that the pleasures of the day must be named amongst the pleasures of the past. There is a general stir in the vicinity of the bar; parting drinks are hastily swallowed, and parting salutations interchanged; teams are brought forward by the grooms, who reap during the subsequent few months their harvest of the day's proceedings; fast teams are received with cheers, as they wheel round into the road, and carriages occupied by ladies and gentlemen increase the picturesque varieties of the scene. Good humor, evidenced in laughter and merriment, abounds. There are some sharp allusions made to the jaded



RETURNING FROM THE RACES.

and worn-out horses as they are brought forward; and would-be "sporters" have their dignity considerably offended by the jests and allusions of their companions. At last we are off. Now 'unter do thy duty. We pass everything on the road—that is turning one way—much to the delight of the urchins who make the road vocal with their bursts of delight and approbation. We pass Mr. Jones, whose hat looks as if it might have been battered with a great many bricks during the day, and who is energetically but vainly endeavoring to get his "gallant steed" to increase his gait to something more than a walk; then we dash by Mr. Smith and his friend, who made their first attempt in the morning to find the race-course, and finally succeeded in reaching the grand entrance just as the race was concluded. Onward we go, cheered and cheering as we pass, and for those who have participated with moderation in the pleasures of the day, it is a season of merriment and joyous excitement—this home-stretch on the plank, with the invigorating breezes of the Sound, laden with summer perfumes, about and around us. Soon we arrive at the line of demarcation which separates the country from the town; our wheels clatter over cobble stones, and people stand on the side-walks to criticise the returning votaries of the turf. Moving off in opposite directions, we salute our companions with a parting cheer, which is enthusiastically responded to,—shouts of adieu echo along the line of vehicles, and we turn off in silence and alone into that wilderness of brick and mortar which constitutes the city. The shadows of twilight have become deeper and more intense, as we wave a last adieu to our friends, and fall back upon the remembrance of the pleasures and glories of the race-course.

FINANCIAL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

There is a very dull and depressed stock market. The latest advices from England have caused a great deal of apprehension in the public mind, and weakened confidence materially. No one appears to think that the two countries can be brought to points where war is the only alternative, but the opinion is quite general that for a long time the foreign relations of the United States will be complicated, and surrounded with difficulties of a very dangerous character. The agitation must be attended with serious evils, and the suspense prove very injurious to many of our local interests. Apart from these political difficulties, everything is in a most desirable condition. Financially and commercially both England and the United States are in the highest state of prosperity. With abundance of money, with private credit unlimited, with low rates of interest, with an active demand for all staple manufactures and products, and remunerating prices, and with full employment for all classes, the progress of each must be rapid and substantial. There is nothing but the little black cloud in the political horizon calculated to check this general prosperity, and we have no fears but that will ultimately pass away, without interrupting the peaceful relations which have so long existed between the United States and Great Britain and all the rest of mankind. The effect of this little black cloud just now is of a very conservative character. It tends to check a too rapid expansion, from the rapid accumulation of money and low rate of interest—it keeps speculation within proper limits, and gives time for new operations to become strengthened and consolidated before others of more magnitude are attempted. The Russian war answered this purpose very well while it lasted; and now the prospect of a rupture nearer home has a similar influence in checking wild and desperate schemes of speculation.

The "George Law," from Aspinwall, arrived June 13th with \$1,951,721 in Gold on freight. This is the heaviest single shipment received at New York for nearly two years. The shipment delivered Aug. 24, 1854, was \$1,996,000. That of Nov. 29, 1855, was \$1,939,000.

The petition of the Ocean Bank for a remission of tax for the year 1855, to the amount of \$12,000, has been granted.

In the Board of Aldermen, last week, a communication was received from the Comptroller, stating that he had communicated with several banks on the subject of the moneys of the Sinking Fund, and what interest they would each pay, if selected as the bank of deposit. The following were the responses in brief:—Merchants' Bank, Bank of New York, Phoenix Bank, Bank of the Manhattan Co., Union Bank, Metropolitan Bank, Bank of the Republic, American Exchange Bank, and Shoe and Leather Bank,—all decline either the trust or to pay interest on moneys. The Mechanics' Bank is willing to treat upon a more definite proposition. The Broadway Bank offers to pay four per cent. for money deposited, and to loan the city on the trust account at current rates.

The Money Market exhibits more general ease, both on demand loan and for prime paper, than for any previous week of the season. It is even in better supply than last June; the unemployed deposits in Bank being \$13,481,000 greater, and the specie reserve \$1,161,000 in excess of the corresponding week last Summer, while the movements of the stock Board is comparatively inactive, and the Export of Specie only about two-thirds the usual demand for Foreign remittance at this time of the year. The consequence is, that for the moment, both the Bank and outside lenders find themselves unable to place the whole of their funds at satisfactory rates, and money is left with some of the Brokers as cheap as 5 per cent., though it is not borrowed, properly speaking, below 6 per cent., according to the character of the collateral security. The discount on first-class paper is 6 per cent. for 30 to 60 days; 7 per cent. 60 days to 4 months, city papers. There is a marked disinclination to take hold of new funded negotiations, which adds to the general dullness of the Money and Stock movement. There is a slight improvement in State securities, and steady moderate demand for the Bonds of the leading and promising Railways, like the New York and Illinois Centrals and New York and Erie. The dividend Road and Canal shares, however, do not enter into the active daily speculations at the Brokers' Board, are fairly supported, on account of the case in Money, and the near approach of the half-yearly or Summer dividends, and City Bank shares are very firm, and many of them at high premiums. The Scrip of the Illinois Central has been freely taken up at par on European orders.

The comparison of the Bank statement with that of the previous week is:

	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
June 7.....	\$163,424,921	\$14,166,180	\$8,430,252	\$90,609,243
June 14.....	104,168,581	17,414,689	8,760,735	91,602,245

Increase.....\$69,256,340 \$1,248,500 \$99,517
Decrease.....\$59,256,340 \$99,517
The largest amount of specie is held by the American, \$2,356,000—with loans to the amount of \$4,965,000. The Merchants' holds within a few thousands of \$2,000,000, and the Commerce over \$1,700,000.

THE MARKETS.

THURSDAY, June 19.—Cotton continues buoyant and active, partly predicated upon the probability of hostile relations with Great Britain, growing out of the dismissal of Cranston and the three consuls. We revise our quotations: Ordinary Uplands, 9½¢; do. Florida, 9½¢; do. Mobile, 9½¢; do. N. O. and Texas, 9½¢; Middling Uplands, 11½¢; do. Florida, 11½¢; do. Mobile, 11½¢; do. N. O. and Texas, 11½¢; Middling Fair Uplands, 11½¢; do. Florida, 11½¢; do. Mobile, 11½¢; do. N. O. and Texas, 11½¢; Fair Uplands, 12¢; do. Florida, 12¢; do. Mobile, 12¢; do. N. O. and Texas, 12¢.

Coffee has shown a little life. Prices retain their steadiness; stock of Rio 49,000 bags; sales, Rio at 16½¢, Java at 14½¢, Laguayra at 11½¢. By telegraphic advices we hear of a brisk demand at New Orleans. Stock 30,000 bags. Sales for the week ending June 18th, 15,000 bags at 10¢ 11¢.

Cash—Foreign is steady; sales of Newcastle Gas at 75¢, cash. Domestic is dull and heavy.

Flour and Meal.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair for export but moderate for home trade, and the prices favor the buyer. The arrivals are not large, but in excess of the wants of the trade, and stock is accumulating. The sales are at \$4.90 to \$5.40 for State; \$5.30 to \$5.70 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; \$5.20 to \$5.60 for common to good superfine Ohio; \$5.20 to \$5.60 for common to fair extra Ohio; \$5.20 to \$5.60 for fair to very good extra Ohio; and \$5.20 to \$5.60 for St. Louis brands. Canadian Flour is rather easier than usual; sales at \$5.20 to \$5.60 for superfine, and \$5.20 to \$5.60 for extra brands. Southern Flour is without much change, the inquiry is fair for shipping, but at prices below the views of holders; sales at \$5.20 to \$5.60 for mixed to good brands, and \$5.20 to \$5.60 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is easier, the supply is good; sales at \$3.40 to \$4.50 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is steady, the inquiry is fair; sales at \$2.25 for Jersey, and \$2.15 for Maryland.

Fire Grinders.—We notice a sale of 1,000 boxes Canton, 40 packs, at \$1.65, 4 mos. Fourth of July gives activity to the market.

Grain.—A brisk demand for Wheat for export, and the market is better, with fair arrivals; sales of Wisconsin club, at \$1.20 to \$1.25; Canadian club, \$1.15 to \$1.20; common white Illinois at \$1.10 to \$1.15; white Canadian at \$1.10 to \$1.15; red southern at \$1.10 to \$1.15; and white do. at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Rye is better and in good demand; sales of Western at 90¢, in store, and Northern, at 85¢. Oats are heavy at 34¢ for State, and 36¢ for Canada. Corn is 26¢ better, and in good demand for export and the trade; the arrivals of round lots are moderate; sales at 45¢ for unsound; 53¢ for 54¢, for mixed; 58¢ for 60¢ for Northern yellow, and 58¢ for 60¢ for white do.

Molasses is firmer; holders, with a light stock keep advancing their pretensions; sales of Cuba Muscovado at 20¢ 41¢.

Provisions.—In New York the market is less buoyant, with only a limited local inquiry. There is something doing for future delivery, and still higher prices. The sales are at \$19.25 for Mena, \$16.50 for Prime, and \$16.50 to \$16.65 for Prime Mena. Included in the sales are 500 bbls. Mena, deliverable on the 10th of July, at \$19.50. Beef is in steady request at former prices; the sales are at \$7.25 for Prime, \$6.50 to \$7.50 for Country Mena, and \$6.50 to \$7.25 for respected Mena. Prime Beef is in dull and accumulating; sales of Western at \$15. Beef Hams are steady; sales of good Western at \$15. Bacon is scarce and wanted at 10¢ to 10½¢. Cured Meats are firm and in fair demand; sales at 7½¢ to 7¾¢, for shoulders, and 9½¢ to 9¾¢, for Hams. Lard is firm, and in good demand, in part to arrive; sales 10½¢ to 11¢, from the dock. Butter is in good supply and prices favor the buyer; sales of Ohio at 16¢ to 18¢, and state at 17¢ to 20¢. Cheese is in fair request at 8¢ to 9¢.

Rice is dull, but not lower; sales at 3½¢ to 4½¢, as to quality half for export, part to Havre. Sugars continue active and buoyant; sales of Manila, at a price equal to 50¢ cash, English Island at 75¢; Porto Rico at 75¢; Cuba Muscovado at 7¢ to 8½¢, and Havana at 9½¢.

The extensive rectifying establishment of Hansemann, Smith & Co., together with the large commission houses of Gilman & Berthol, and Bernondy & Co., at St. Louis, were destroyed by fire, June 17. Messrs. Gilman & Co. lost their entire stock of merchandise—insurance \$55,000. Bernondy & Co. succeeded in rescuing most of their goods. Brown & Co., insured for \$10,000; loss \$2,000. Hansemann & Co. loss \$30,000, insured \$20,000. The buildings belonged to Colonel Bront and R. A. Sarpy, and were insured to the full.

The origin of the fire is unknown.

The St. John Observer states that another attempt to lay a chain cable for telegraph across the Atlantic will soon be made. The length of the cable will be 2,400 miles, and two steamers, each with 1,200 miles of cable, will meet midway between Ireland and Newfoundland, unite the cables, and proceed in opposite directions to land.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

There is a holiness in woman's love;
Prayers in her tears, and in her heart forgiveness.

OLD PLAY.

For some time after they were left alone, Mark Raymond continued to pace the room in silence. All was not yet corrupt in him, and, but for the influence of the evil genius who, under the mask of friendship, was secretly plotting his destruction, the better principle might have prevailed and induced him to perform an act of justice, by giving Pet a legal claim to the name of wife.

Like most men when they first commit crime, he felt dissatisfied with himself, and yet ashamed to avow what he considered a weakness. The tempter saw what was passing in the mind of his dupe, and, instead of arguing with him on the point, which, at that moment, might have proved dangerous to his influence, proceeded, by way of commentary, to confirm him in his evil resolution.

"Mad world! mad world!" he exclaimed. "The idea of a baronet with seven thousand a year, and heaven knows how much more in expectancy, marrying a girl without a name or a shilling. What an idiot they must take you for, if they think to terrify you into such a step."

"I am not to be terrified," muttered the youth, "and this they shall find."

"Of course not. Still it must not go forth to the world that you have been insulted, beaten, and tamely submitted to the outrage."

The countenance of Mark flushed.

"We have both the same course of conduct to pursue," he said, and every word he uttered came hissing through his clenched teeth. "I waive all distinction of rank, and will meet the ruffian whose hand was raised against me."

"And shoot him?"

"Suppose he should shoot you?" observed Roderick.

"Do you imagine I fear death?" demanded Mark, fiercely.

"Not death, my dear fellow," replied his friend, "but ridicule. It is one of the master weapons of the age. Imagine the distress of your friends at a verdict being returned over your body of 'Shot by a Harlequin.' Should you kill him," he continued, in the same strain, "the affair would be even worse. Every Christmas you would have to quit England, and lead the life of a hermit during the run of the pantomimes. No, no; it is one of those difficulties which can only be met in one way."

"And that is—?"

"The police court."

"I believe you are right," said the baronet, after a pause.

"Believe I am right," repeated his adviser; "I am sure that I am right. We at once turn the tables on our enemies, cover them with ridicule, and ridicule destroys all sympathy. The public never feel for the wrongs or misfortunes of those they laugh at. Do you remember," he continued, "the excitement caused by the death of the beautiful little girl who perished in the fire which consumed the Hotel des Ambassadeurs at Paris, two years since? The mother went mad."

"Yes, yes; I recollect something of the kind."

"How all the English called, left their cards, and overwhelmed her with condolences, till it was discovered that she was the daughter of a baker. The whole affair was forgotten the day after the discovery. And so it will be in our case."

In pursuance of this advice, warrants were applied for and obtained at Bow-street the very next day against Sam and his friend Jack Barratt. When the affair came to be heard, the outraged brother would have explained the cruel provocation he had received, but the magistrates refused to listen to him; a breach of the peace had been committed. As to any counter-charge, theirs was not a court for settling such matters. The prisoners were required to find bail in five hundred pounds each, and, as a matter of course, committed in default.

How malicious the newspapers were on the occasion! One paragraph appeared headed the "Bellicose Harlequin"; another, the "Enraged Tenspian." It might have made the cynic smile to see the press, which prates open-mouthed of justice and equality, pondering, with its usual servility, to the rank and wealth it so frequently affects to despise.

Sir Mark Raymond, meanwhile, had determined to quit England on a tour through Italy—but not alone. The passion—we will not profane the feeling by calling it love—which he still entertained for his victim, induced him to hope that Pet, deprived of her only protector, would consent to accompany him, and thus accept the degrading position which her soul abhorred.

Despite his utmost endeavors, several days, however, elapsed before he could obtain an interview with her; and when he did, the sad change in her appearance so struck him with remorse, that he lacked courage to make the inhuman proposal.

When Pet saw the man whom she had so long regarded as her husband, whom she had loved with all the freshness of her heart's first choice, abashed and confused before her, in the innocence of her soul she concluded that it was repentance, and not passion, which had brought him to her feet, and she welcomed him with a forgiving angel's smile, when he knelt and implored her pardon.

"Mark," she said, "I have been very, very wretched. You have broken the heart of the best of brothers for all his happiness and pride was in his sister's honor."

"I will atone for all," he said. "I am rich and—"

"Hush! hush! You do not know him, not all the wealth of London could compensate him for my shame—the scoffs of the world."

"The world need never know it," replied the libertine; "we will quit England, and in sunny Italy the clime of love and passion, create a world of our own. Consign, Pet, restore happiness to your own and to my heart, for our boy's sake."

"For my boy's sake," replied the young mother. "I can forgive the past; but the reparation must be as complete as the injury. It must be no secret marriage this time, but open in the face of Heaven."

At the word marriage the baronet rose.

"Lead me," continued Pet, "to my dear brother. Tell him that I am your wife. I know his noble nature—he will forgive you."

"Impossible!" muttered the libertine. "In all but the name you shall be my wife. Every luxury that wealth can purchase, and the devotion of a heart—"

"Hold!" exclaimed the outraged girl, "do not profane my ears by words which will make me loathe you—loathe myself for having listened to them. Mark, you had once a heart; reject the counsels of the fiend that would pervert; restore yourself to honor by a tardy act of justice to your child, your first-born. How will you meet his indignant gaze," she added, "should he live to be a man and ask from you a name?"

She tottered to the cradle, and catching the sleeping infant in her arms, knelt with it at the feet of the unnatural father, who would have turned aside, had not his victim seized him by the hand, and compelled him to gaze upon it.

"It is not for myself that I ask this reparation," she exclaimed, "but for my boy's sake. I shall not live long to bear the name so grudgingly bestowed. In compassion to my sufferings, to the spirit you have crushed, the affections you have trampled on, be just to your own honor and atone the past!"

"Impossible," said Mark, resolutely. "Deeply—madly as I love you, I cannot consent to such a sacrifice. Your brother's imprudence has rendered it impossible. Oh! how the world would point and sneer were I to be seen with the player's sister as Lady Raymond. Men would doubt my courage, and say I had been frightened into matrimony. Never—never!"

At this insulting declaration of his principles the eyes of Pet flashed fire. The words seemed to have converted her from the crushed and bruised flower to the strong plant which braves the winter's blast. The illusion of her young heart vanished, and she beheld her destroyer in all the moral deformity of his character.

"Thanks," she exclaimed, sarcastically, "thanks!"

"Thanks!" repeated the libertine, "for what?"

"For having restored me to myself—for having armed my heart with the surest antidote to human weakness."

"And may I venture to demand the name of that antidote?" inquired her betrayer, in a sarcastic tone.

"Scorn," replied his victim with a withering glance, "scorn so profound and deep, that the name is a few minutes since would have accepted with gratitude—nay, asked for on my knees—now appears to me but a still lower pitch of degradation. You do not know me yet," she continued, speaking very rapidly; "I am like one of those plants which, while flourishing in the sunshine and the spring showers, present a grateful perfume to the sense; but, crushed, give forth a fearful venom. Mark, we shall meet again."

"Dreams! folly!"

"Dreams are sometimes realized," she observed, "and folly becomes reason. Begone! leave me! I would not curse the father in the presence of his child."

It is for that child's sake I would urge you to forego this resolution, which, trust me, Pet, you will bitterly regret," exclaimed the baronet. "What has a love like ours to do with the world's opinion? Why should it consult ought but its own feelings? Once more let me entreat you to fly with me to Italy. There pleasure reigns; there you may be an idol worshipped as woman should be worshipped."

"Yes," interrupted the poor girl, "whilst my beauty lasts, then cast aside like a flower that has lost its fragrance. You have my answer."

"Is it the last?"

"The last."

"Now then hear mine," replied Sir Mark Raymond. "I was prepared for opposition to my wishes, and came provided with the means of rendering nugatory any of those weak, silly scruples which fools call virtue."

What mean you?"

"To force you to accompany me, whether you will or no."

"You dare not use violence," observed Pet.

"Do not urge me to it," replied the libertine. "My precautions are well taken. I have those without ready to assist me. A carriage is at the door; if I but give the word, you and your child will be conveyed to it on the instant."

"Heaven will never permit such an outrage," observed the distracted girl.

"Oh! be content with the ruin you have made; pursue your victim no further."

"Will you accompany me?"

"Never."

He raised her in his arms, and, despite her cries and struggles, would have succeeded in dragging her from the humble apartment she occupied, when the door suddenly burst open, and Sam, who had that very day been released from prison by the kindness of Mr. Barnard, entered the room, accompanied by his friend Jack Barratt; they coolly closed the door after them.

"Saved!" murmured Pet, "saved!"

"Ay, and avenged!" added her brother, at the same time drawing a pistol from his pocket, and levelling it at the head of her betrayer.

His sister sprang forward and caught his arm.

"No! no!" she exclaimed; "not his life; you must not sully your noble heart by such a crime; he is unworthy of your vengeance,—you do not know how utterly vile and contemptible a thing he is. Look at me, read my soul, and see if you can discover one trace of weakness left for him."

"She speaks truly," observed his companion, opening the door. "His death would be dearly purchased at the price which must be paid for it."

"Fly, man, fly!" repeatedly exclaimed Pet, still struggling with her brother.

"Has terror quite paralyzed you? Preserve your worthless life—I scorn and pardon you."

Mark started like one suddenly roused from a dream, and darted from the apartment.

"What have you done?" demanded Sam.

"Preserved my brother," replied Pet. "Not a hair of your head but outweighs the life of a wretch like Sir Mark Raymond. He is gone, and let the memory of my wrongs go with him."

The dancer sat back upon a chair overcome with contending emotions.

"You are right, Pet," he said, at last, folding her in his arms. "I have too much to live for—you and your child. Henceforth I leave vengeance to heaven, which, in its own good time, brings retribution for every evil deed."

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL GAZETTE FOR JUNE gives a long report compiled from the newspapers, of the proceedings of the ninth annual meeting of the American Medical Association, held at Detroit in May last. It also contains several selections from medical journals, and a remarkably interesting letter from an American medical student in Paris. This writer says that he once heard Magendie, the celebrated French physician and physiologist, open a lecture somewhat in the following words:—"Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica—*Ea bene! et après!* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we alleviate diabetes, and, I see distinctly, we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease. We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Imagination does a good deal. Doctors do.....devilish little.....when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some 3 or 4000 patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes: with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected unless they are well drugged—*les indolentes*) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary.

ARREST OF A RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER.—On Monday, June 16, at 10 o'clock P.M., Mr. Liedenseldt, a commissioner and agent in this city, of the Russian government, for the purpose of procuring arms, ammunition and other supplies, was arrested by Deputy Marshal Lorenzo de Angelis, on a charge preferred against him by Mr. J. K. Perkins, for a breach of contract, on the ground that he was an alien and about to leave the country. It is asserted that during the late European war the Russian government, through Mr. L., its agent, contracted with Mr. P. for 16,000 pounds of gunpowder and 35,000 stand of arms, for a stipulated sum. The powder was supplied, but the arms were not; and peace being proclaimed sooner than was anticipated, the government, as alleged, not wanting further supplies, sought to evade the contract. Mr. L. had very skillfully eluded the vigilance of the officers for some time past, but Mr. De Angelis, by a well laid plan, finally succeeded in arresting him.

A MORMON CASE OF HABEAS CORPUS.—An Englishman, named James Jarvis, made application, June 17th, for a writ of habeas corpus for three of his children, under the following circumstances:—He is a native of Herefordshire, England; his wife left home with the three children, two girls, aged twelve and eight, and a boy five years old; the applicant learning that his spouse was about to settle among the Mormons at Salt Lake, instantly set out in pursuit of her, and arrived in New York in time to seek the aid of the law in his desire for the restoration of his children. The applicant, who is a respectable looking man, is a farmer. It is said that the religious community to which he belongs furnished him with money to pursue his fugitive wife, and that the government gave him a free passage to this country. The case was adjourned to Thursday, June 19th, the children in the meantime to remain under the care of the Sheriff. The mother was unwilling to part with them, and clung to them, but they were separated.

THE GOLDEN GATE—ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Long before the discovery of the gold mines and the consequent rush of emigration to California, the harbor of San Francisco was celebrated throughout the civilized world for its capacity, depth of water, magnificent scenery, and picturesque entrance. The port was frequented by whalers, merchantmen, and men-of-war, who resorted there for repairs and supplies of wood and water. The town had no importance except for its spacious harbor, large enough for the navies of the whole world to ride therein at anchor. The beautiful entrance, several miles from the city, derived its name from the golden rays of light which were reflected through its broad passage upon the setting of the bright California sun. Two bold, rocky islands, posted like sentinels at a gate, were placed by Nature as adamantine barriers to guard, from the storms of the Pacific, the calm and clear waters of the bay and harbor of San Francisco. We present our readers with a most accurate view, drawn on the spot by one of our California artist-correspondents.

RATIFICATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

THE nominees of the Cincinnati Convention were endorsed by a general mass meeting of both wings of the Democracy in this city on the evening of Wednesday, June 11th. The ratification meeting was held in the Park, where the gathering of politicians and hangers-on was quite large. The air was resonant with the thunder of Capt. Rynder's cannon, the cheers of the "unterrified," and sonorous voices of the orators, who emitted eloquence, patriotism, and democracy in about equal quantities. All the usual appliances to attract a crowd were brought to bear, and from dusk till about ten o'clock the Park was pretty well thronged with the idlers and the curious. Bonfires were blazing, guns firing, brass bands playing, orators spouting, boys shouting, policemen moving about in plentiful profusion, processions marching and counter-marching, and "noise and confusion" prevailing in every direction. Horace F. Clark called the meeting to order, and Lorenzo B. Shepard was appointed Chairman, and nearly one hundred Vice Presidents were named. It is a singular fact and is regarded by some as pregnant with significance that none of the speakers, except the Chairman, were from the State of New York. Stephen A. Douglas and Howell Cobb were the bright particular stars of the evening, and their speeches were rather about the platform than the candidates. It is a recognized doctrine, however, with the Democracy that they regard "principles and not men." Instead of putting their platform as the candidate they place their candidate upon the platform, of which he immediately becomes the living personification, representative and embodiment. A nomination once made, all individuality is merged and he is merely the incarnation of their creed. This accounts in a great measure for their general success. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, Hon. W. Churchill, of Tennessee and other Southern speakers filled up the programme. Capt. Rynders was on hand with the full force of his famous Empire Club, and banners, torches and transparencies were as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Some of the inscriptions were peculiar. Here is a specimen. "First we Polk'd them, then we Pierce'd them, and now we'll Buck them." In front of the platform, directly over the speaker was a "Buck's head" cut off close behind the ears. This was regarded as unfortunate and eminently suggestive. There were two stands, with speaking from each at the same time. Capt. Rynders took charge of the second one, where Daniel B. Taylor, of this city, was the principal orator. There was a magnificent Drummond light on the City Hall, sending

AMUSEMENTS.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.

Last night of the present season. Grand Complimentary Benefit to MISS LAURA KEENE. Saturday Evening, June 12th, supported by Miss Laura Keene, Miss Mary Wells, Mrs. T. B. Johnston, Mrs. Landerer, Messrs. G. Jordan, H. Hall, Bass, T. B. Johnston, G. R. Dickinson, Loveday, Wemyss, Howard, McDougal, Reeves, Carpenter, &c.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL, 596 BROADWAY.

Two doors above the Metropolitan Hotel. Crowded and Entertaining House Nightly. LOUIS KELLER'S GRAND TABLEAUX AND MUSICAL SOIREES, including all that is famous and refined in the arts of PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

Mr. Keller, in giving his representations of the works of great masters, declines all other intention than, as it were, to daguerrotype the triumphs of Art. Empire Hall contains every facility for this object, and is not liable to objections made against other localities, whilst, from its great height and perfect ventilation, visitors enjoy refreshing coolness in the hottest day of summer.

First appearance of MR. ADONIS, THE GREAT WIZARD AND MAGICIAN.

Seventh week of MR. ADONIS, LOWERY AND OF MR. STOPPEL.

On Saturday, June 12th, AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE at half-past 3 P. M. by special request.

Hours open at 7 1/2 o'clock; performance at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; private boxes, \$2.00. In private boxes, \$1.00. Arrangements can be made for admission of Schools and Societies by application at the Hall, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Wonderful Raveles.

A. M. Robert and the French Ballet Troupe, every evening. An entire change of Entertainment nightly. Comic Pantomime, Ballet and Grand Fairy Spectacle. Tickets Fifty Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

FOURTH WEEK. A NEW, GRAND NATIONAL \$500 PRIZE DICTIONARY, written expressly for this establishment by Mr. H. J. Conway, an (called) THE NEW YORK PATRIOTS; OR, THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA. With new scenery, new costumes, and gotten up in a style of surpassing beauty. EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK, (Monday, June 23, to Saturday, 28th), and WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. The other afternoons of the week, choice comedies, farces, &c., as usual.

THE WOOD AND MARSH JUVENILE

COMEDIANS. The greatest novelty of the age. Perform every evening at the BROADWAY VARIETIES, 472 Broadway. Tickets Twenty-five cents.

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SIGNORINA FELICIA VESTALI and her ITALIAN ARTISTS will appear on MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 23.

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NEW BOOKS.

MRS. STEPHENS' ILLUSTRATED NEW

MONTHLY. Conducted by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Devoted to Tales, Romances, Illustrations, Art, and General Literature. Each number beautifully embellished in the finest style of wood illustrations. The first number for July will be published on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., and will contain in addition to a rare collection of miscellaneous Tales, Sketches, &c., the opening chapters of a new novel, entitled

LOST JEWELS. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Also, the initial chapters of a new Revolutionary Novel, called LOVE IN '76. By the Author of "Blanche Dearwood." Having been connected with several leading Magazines of America for many years, and with unvaried success, the editor, or editors, would be believed that a periodical wholly her own, to which her energies would be largely devoted, and wherein she could bring to bear the result of a large experience and intimate knowledge of the requirements of popular Magazines, could not fall of meeting with something of that success which has always been awarded her, either as an author or co-editor of Magazines.

Her object was to provide a periodical in which a great degree of talent and novelty should characterize its literary and artistic department, whilst in scope and aim it should include popular features, especially provided with a view of reaching the homes and reading throughout the country, and of assimilating to the literary tastes of the great body of the reading public. The editor's extensive literary connections would at once place the most effective adjunct aid at her disposal, and enable her through advantages thus obtained, to secure the production of a periodical varied, fresh, original, superior, covering a wider ground and embracing a larger scope than otherwise could well be obtained. These considerations having induced her to the step she has taken, she now confidently submits the result to the public, believing that it presents many claims to their favor and attention.

In size and character it is entirely different from any other periodical, and inasmuch as illustrations will be made a specialty, the grade of the page is peculiarly adapted to the introduction of engravings of a large and interesting character. In this department, great excellence will be arrived at, and novel features introduced.

A principal object will be to provide novels, tales, and works of fiction, of a very superior character, such indeed as to give this Magazine a distinguished reputation in the branch of literary effort, and two serial novels will appear in its pages, always from authors of celebrity, while the remainder of the articles in each month's issue will be complete in themselves, thus always affording the reader a supply of reading, independent of previous or succeeding numbers.

Although a finely printed, elegantly illustrated, and choice volume of Magazines, it will be afforded at an exceedingly cheap rate, looking entirely to its wide dissemination for a profitable return. In all its departments, care, labor, and attention will be bestowed with the single object of making a superior publication, worthy of popular approbation and support.

CONTRACTS FOR JULY NUMBER FOR 1886. LOST JEWELS. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, Author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Old Homestead," &c., &c. (With an original illustration by Dallas.)

CHAPTER I. The Old Homestead. (With an original illustration by Dallas.)

CHAPTER II. The Old Homestead. (With an original illustration by Dallas.)

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CHAPTER LV. The Old Homestead. (With an original illustration by Dallas.)

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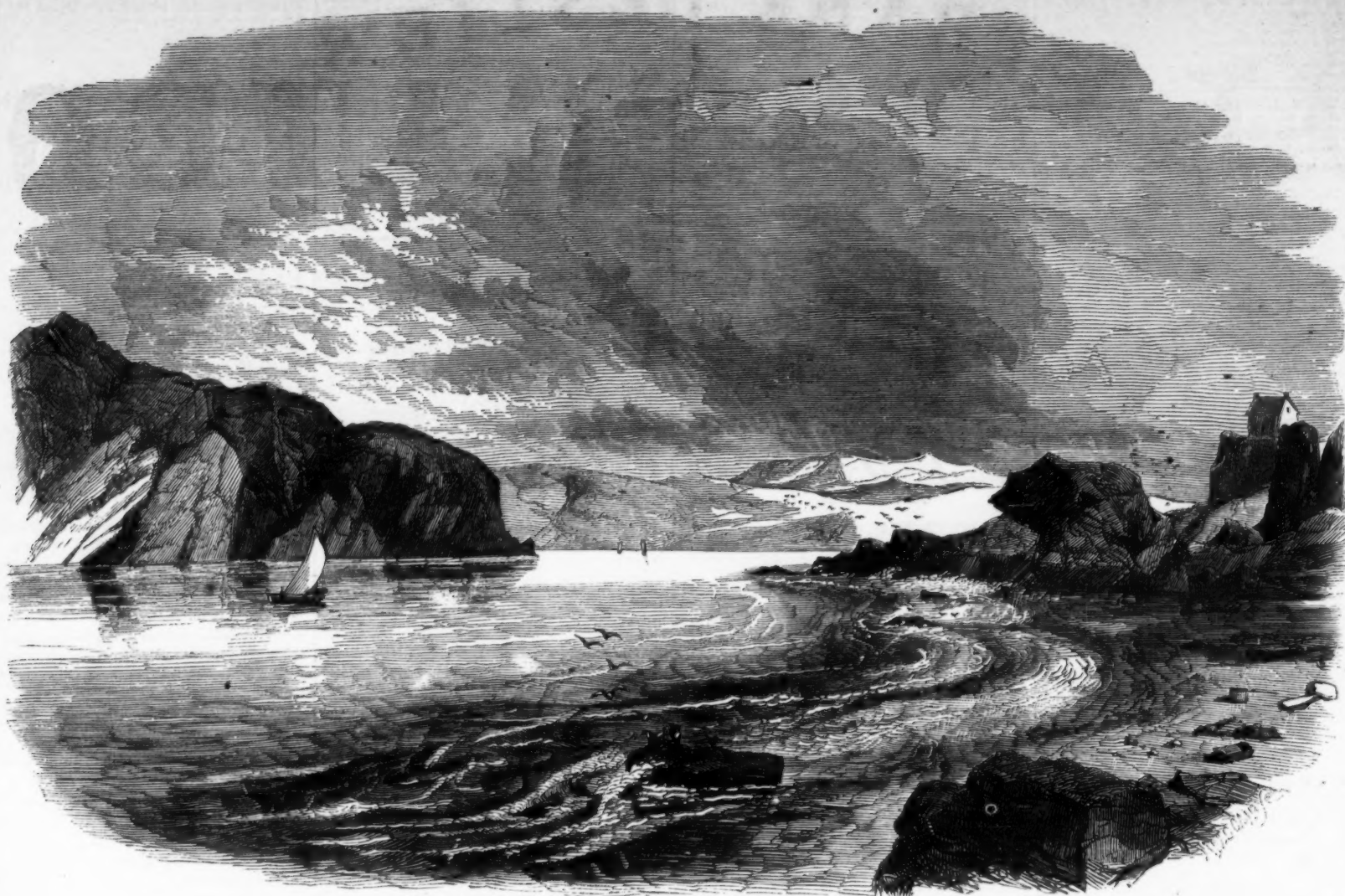
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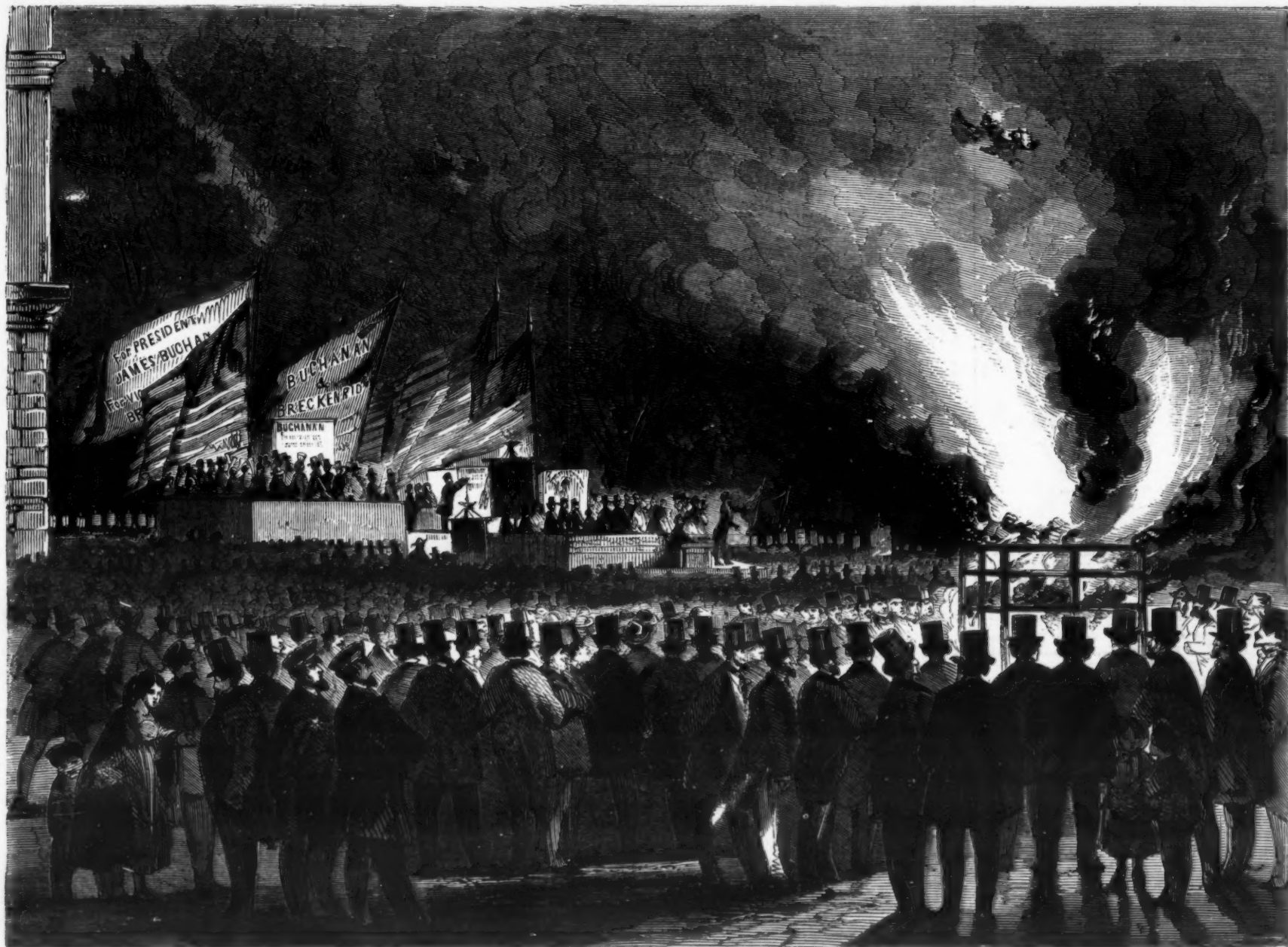


THE GOLDEN GATE, ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

forth its bright, peculiar light, that fairly rivalled the moon—which was shining in refulgent splendor—in brilliancy. But the main feature of the occasion was the huge bonfire of Breckenridge coal, shedding its red glare all over the Park and illuminating Broadway for a long distance. Its lurid gleams paled the ineffectual fires of the moon and the Drummond light, and elicited marked attention and admiration. It was a curious coincidence that this celebrated coal bears the same name as one of the candidates whose nomination it

was made to illuminate, and that it comes from the same State, Kentucky. If the Vice President possess half the merit of the coal he certainly ought to be elected. John Thompson, Esq., the Wall street banker, who is the godfather of the Breckenridge Coal Company, gave the Committee a ton of coal for the occasion, and suggested that the fire be lit where it was. Had he permitted the Committee to place it where they originally intended—between the two stands—he would have smoked them all out. No, not smoked,

for this coal does not smoke, but it would have sent forth such a glowing heat that it would have driven everybody from both stands. The gas generated from this coal is so great that it far exceeded—remarkable as it may seem—the combined gas of all the speakers. We have thought that a succinct account of this wonderful coal might be of interest to our readers, and we think it not out of place to give it in this connection. It may be found in another part of our paper.



BUCHANAN AND BRECKENRIDGE RATIFICATION MEETING, IN THE PARK, N. Y.—BONFIRE OF BRECKENRIDGE COAL.